My Trip to the Orient

Mrs. Alma White

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Ellen White

MY TRIP TO THE ORIENT

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Looking Back from Beulah, The New Testament Church, Gems of Life, Golden Sunbeams, Demons and Tongues, The Chosen People, and Editor of *Pillar of Fire, Pillar of Fire Junior,* and *London Pillar of Fire.*

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PREFACE

There have been many books written on Egypt and Palestine, and in presenting this volume to the public, it might seem that there would be nothing of interest to add to what has been written. But times are rapidly changing, the Scriptures are being fulfilled, and as the Gentile age draws to a close, we find new conditions confronting us, facts concerning which we have tried to present in a simple, clear and forcible manner.

The Gentile Church has about accomplished its mission, and Israel must accept Christ, and under the New Covenant assume the responsibility of dispensing the Gospel to the nations, but before this can be done, they must possess their patrimony, which has been for so many centuries in the hands of aliens.

"My Trip to the Orient" presents the land as it is today under the loosening grasp of the Islam power. The sons of Ishmael are aware of the fact that Israel is fast gaining a foothold in Palestine. They realize that their own power is waning, and in some respects have given up the fight and are anxious for

a change. Poverty and oppression have driven them to this.

In addition to these facts we have tried to take our readers over land and sea, and let them participate in the various experiences we had, and enjoy the sights which continually met our vision.

God wanted us to see the land that He promised to Abraham and his seed forever, and by personal observation be enabled to enlighten others.

The Old Testament brims with new life and inspiration after one has seen Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs, where God's ancient people were once in bondage. The history of the exodus bridges the flight of centuries, and it seems but yesterday since Moses and Miriam sang their song of deliverance at the Red Sea.

THE AUTHOR.

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MY TRIP TO THE ORIENT

CHAPTER I

FROM LONDON TO MARSEILLES

MANY years ago, when engaged in missionary work in Montana, without having had any previous thought of going, or desire to do so, the Lord made it known to us that some day we should visit the Holy Land, not as a mere sightseer, but in the interests of His work and kingdom. Since this time God's word on the Restoration of Israel has been vividly unfolded to us, and we see a great future for that country when the wandering sons of Jacob have been gathered home. Having learned that the divine plan for the conversion and reconstruction of the world could only be brought about through the restoration of His ancient people, and also the part that we as members of the true Church have to perform in bringing it to pass, naturally our interest in them was increased many fold.

After thirteen years, the way opened and we went. The trip was full of interest from beginning to end. The angel of the Lord went by our side, protecting us from danger both on sea and land. Our heart thrilled with inspiration as we looked upon the ancient places, and from guides, interpreters and others heard the history in connection with them, which has been so often repeated.

We stood at the doorways of temples and tombs, much as the sisters of Lazarus did who wept over their deceased brother (John 11). There were times when we could not restrain the tears, but we wept not as one without hope, for the Master stood beside us, giving us the assurance that Israel would yet be resurrected from their spiritual graves, and that the country would blossom as the rose. All things seemed to be propitious for the marvelous transformation that is soon to come. We thought of Jeremiah 23: 7-8, which says, "Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that they shall no more say, The Lord liveth, which brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt; But, The Lord liveth, which brought up and which led the seed of the house of Israel out of the north country,

and from all countries whither I had driven them; and they shall dwell in their own land." The deliverance from Egyptian bondage will be so insignificant in comparison to their future regathering, it will scarcely be mentioned. Those who visit the Holy Land at the present time hear nothing of the future of Israel, their time is taken up with rehearsals of the past. They look into the graves of the dead and fail to comprehend Israel's glorious resurrection. The time is coming when it will no more be said, "This is Bethlehem, the place where Christ was born," or, "The mountain where they crucified Him," or, "The Via Dolorosa," or, "The tomb where they laid Him?" but, "This is the Mount of His appearing, where He descended on the clouds of His glory, accompanied by the redeemed saints and angelic hosts."

At 8:45 p. m., January 17th, 1911, accompanied by our niece and nephew, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Wolfram, we took the train at Victoria Station, London, for New Haven. We crossed the English Channel on a French steamer in the night. During the voyage of about three hours we suffered from the cold. French and English steamships are poorly heated. But there was quite a change awaiting us at

Dieppe, France, where we were soon seated in a comfortably heated railway carriage. It was about eight o'clock in the morning when we reached Paris. The people here of course were of strange speech, and we found it quite difficult to make ourselves understood. But every Gospel worker should have an experience of this kind in order to give him charity for others placed in similar circumstances. In our travels and work of the Gospel in the United States and England, we had met people of all nationalities and among them those who could not speak a word of English, but we were unable to appreciate their embarrassment and their inability to help themselves. We found the French very courteous and anxious to render us any assistance they could. It almost put us to shame when we thought of the selfishness and indifference shown by the Americans toward foreigners. There was one passenger in our car who spoke both French and English; she rendered us some assistance when our baggage was inspected, which we greatly appreciated.

At Paris we met Cook's representatives who gave us some needed information. Our party rode several miles across the city in a

SCENE IN PARIS

taxicab for three francs (60 cents). Besides, we had six pieces of baggage, all included in the price. The French have said and written much about the exorbitant charges of carriage and hack drivers in the United States, and it is not to be wondered at.

We spent a few hours writing in the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean depot. The room, in some respects, resembled the drawing room of an American hotel. The walls were hand-painted, there were beautiful landscapes portrayed in colors. The furniture was upholstered in brown leather, the floor stained to correspond. The room was comfortable. After leaving New York in November, we had failed to find any public waiting room properly heated. The English people especially, seem to ignore modern methods of heating. There is something cheery about the old-fashioned fireplaces, but they are mere makeshifts for comfort.

We reached Marseilles, January 19th, too late to sail on the "Equateur." This was caused by a mistake being made on the train from Paris to Marseilles. We supposed the conductor would inform us when the train arrived at our destination, but instead of doing

so he carried us on two or three hundred miles through Southern France. When we learned of the mistake we saw at once that we would be unable to return in time to take the boat to Jaffa, and, believing, as we do, that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose, we determined to make the best of it and find out what God had in it for us.

At Cannes we took the train back to Marseilles. Cannes is a famous winter resort close to the foothills of the Alps. The scenery along the Mediterranean far exceeds our powers of description. The sun was shining brightly with no smoke or fog to obscure the vision. We were not expecting a trip like this, but the Lord had a surprise for us.

On reaching the station at Marseilles at 7 p. m. it was with difficulty that we could find anyone that could speak even a few words of English. A middle-aged woman saw our predicament and said, "Englishman?" We said, "Yes." She smiled and then hurried away and brought a person back with her who could speak English. We showed our appreciation, which greatly pleased her. The person she brought sent us to a hotel where

there were several persons with whom we could converse. In London we observed that some of our American friends criticised the English accent. We were quite sure they would never do so again if they were to find themselves in a country where they could not understand one word.

At Marseilles the atmosphere is usually bright and clear, and in midwinter one feels comfortable in the daytime without a fire, and it is well that this is so, for fuel is very expensive and the poorer classes cannot buy it.

It took an hour in a cafe to get our breakfast served, which consisted of bread, milk and a small beafsteak. No one could understand what we wanted. We did not care for meat, but had to take it because we could not make those who tried to serve us understand. The French waiter called it "beeftick."

John Wesley said the world was his parish, and we claim to be his followers in both doctrine and practice, and we see now that the Lord was not pleased with our plan to hurry through France without learning something of the people and their language and customs. And again we have been greatly impressed with the importance of the young people in our

school giving more time to the study of modern languages, especially French and German. We greatly desire the privilege of circulating our Gospel literature in France, but of course the books would have to be translated. Not to have a tract, paper or book to hand out to the people makes us feel as if we were withholding bread from those that are perishing with hunger. May God hasten the day when we may be enabled to feed them from our Gospel storehouse.

We had pleasant rooms on the top floor of the hotel and lessened expenses by providing some of our meals in our own rooms.

Marseilles is one of the great seaports of Southern Europe. Ships are docked in her harbor from all parts of the world. There was much information we desired, but it was useless to ask questions. When we attempted to do so a crowd would soon be enmassed about us, eager to know what was wanted.

The next day after our arrival we looked about the city and soon found ourselves at the market, where we were watched with eager eyes as we walked between the narrow passageways. It greatly amused the market women when one of our number paused to take a picture. These

DOCKS AT MARSEILLES

women, who were selling small vegetables and fruits and tainted fowls, were there with their children and apparently nearly all of their belongings.

This market in Southern France is certainly an interesting place. Many profitable hours could be spent there studying the habits and customs of the French people. Tourists never fail to visit this market.

If one is particular as to what he eats in French hotels, restaurants, or on the steamships, he should visit the markets first, and in all probability part of his menu would be eliminated. He would refuse some of the meats, fowls and fish. There is also a question as to whether the eggs served are those of hens, or of reptiles or unclean fowls. We do not wish to throw any reflections upon the French people, but merely to state the facts.

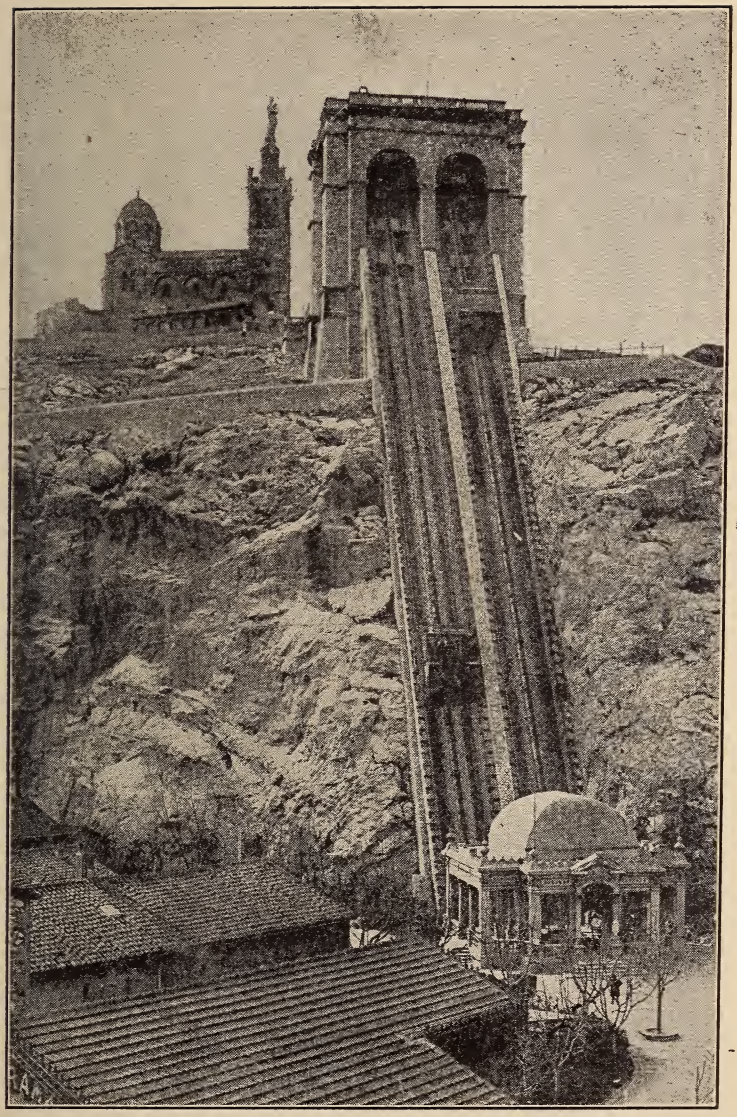
These conditions, we believe, are due to a lack of Christianity. Where people have the Spirit of Christ, they are conscientious about what they eat, and well they should be, for the Scriptures teach that the human body is the temple of the Holy Spirit. 1 Cor. 3: 17 says, "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy," this scripture referring not

only to spiritual defilement, but also to that which defiles the flesh. A Christian will not eat a reptile if he knows it, but we have been told that there are Frenchmen who are so unscrupulous as to serve them to the unsuspecting tourist. Therefore it is well enough to abstain from some dishes that often look the most tempting.

The French have the art of chopping food, especially meats, into small pieces and serving it with dressing, making it almost impossible for one to tell what he is eating. Vegetables and meats are cooked with a great amount of oil or grease.

We visited the famous Notre Dame Cathedral, which is shown in the accompanying picture. It is situated on an elevation several hundred feet above the city, and is reached by what is known in the States as the "Angel's Flight," an elevator with great cables, running on an incline. It consists of two large cars, one goes up while the other is making the descent.

From the cathedral, where the devout Catholics worship, a fine view of the city and harbor can be had. There are many interesting things about this place, which we have



THE "ANGEL'S FLIGHT"

not time and space to describe. There are all kinds of souvenirs sold, on which are carved, painted or engraved the picture of the cathedral. It gives the tourist an opportunity to spend his money, if he wishes to do so. Like the images of the goddess Diana, these souvenirs bring much gain to the city. On the interior there were at least a hundred candles burning. These candles were bought and placed there by regular worshipers and tourists. We were told the smallest candles sold for a franc (twenty cents) each, and it is surprising how many of them are bought and sacrificed to the Virgin.

"Notre Dame" means "our lady," or, in other words, the Virgin Mary. There is an immense statue of the Virgin covered with bronze or gold on top of the building. Near the cathedral, the barracks of the French soldiers are located. We saw the soldiers marching down a steep hill, going toward the harbor. Their uniforms were quite different from those we had been accustomed to seeing. Some of their officers look well, but the general appearance of those in military dress is far inferior to the soldiers and police of England and America. Most of them, including

the police, were of ordinary stature, averaging about five feet and six or seven inches in height. They lack dignity to command the respect of the tourist. English officers are tall and stately. Their high hats and long coats give them a commanding appearance. Strangers are impressed with their official bearing, and cannot help but respect them.

CHAPTER II

ON THE MEDITERRANEAN

WE left Marseilles on January 26th, for Alexandria, Egypt. During the afternoon we sailed along the coast of Southern France and were delighted with the view. The first four days of the voyage, we were out of sight of land only one day. The "Congo," on which we sailed, was one of the old vessels of the Messageries line, usually in the Mediterranean trade in the winter and later in the season used in the West African service. The crew were old, experienced sailors. After sailing the seas for many years, men are apt to become self-confident, and passengers are sometimes safer in the hands of those who have had less experience. A good captain knows all about his vessel, but after she has taken him through many a stormy sea, he is apt to overestimate her strength. Often when people are least expecting danger, calam-

THE "CONGO"

ity comes, and thus we are reminded of the scripture, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

We have learned in starting out on a voyage, not to put too much confidence in those who man the vessel, and our trust was in God. We fully expected to have a safe voyage and accomplish the work that He had sent us to do.

Usually, the first few days out, passengers are troubled with seasickness, but we were spared this unpleasant experience.

As we viewed the shores of France, some of its past history came to mind. One hundred years ago, she was in her glory. Napoleon, with his great ambition to conquer the world, had Continental Europe, Asia and Africa in the dust at his feet. The Russians gave him his first defeat, which was followed up by the British and consummated in his final overthrow at Waterloo. Instead of France having the metropolitanship of the world, it was transferred to England.

Why did God permit Napoleon to be defeated and the Duke of Wellington to win the day in one of the world's great, decisive battles? The reason is apparent. The French, with their infidelity and Roman Catholicism,

were unfit to stand at the head of the nations. God saw this, and handed the scepter to the Protestant power. The history of Bloody Mary, with her hatred for Protestant religion, tells the story. God will not permit the spirit of the Inquisition to prosper in any people or nation, He will not endorse Romanism. He wants men, enlightened by His word, free to worship Him in spirit and in truth. Through the Roman power, Satan has ever been persistent in trying to keep the Bible out of the hands of humanity. The Pope and priests claim to have the sole right to expound its teachings and render absolution from sin.

Christ became our great High Priest, when He offered himself up as a sacrifice once for all. He entered the Holy of Holies by His own blood, and made atonement for sin and was forever made a priest after the order of Melchizedec (Heb. 7:17). He now sits at the right hand of God the Father, making intercession for the purchase of His blood. He alone can forgive sins, and for man to claim the power to do so is blasphemous and an attempt to supersede Him in His priestly office.

Roman Catholicism, with its idolatrous

worship of saints and the Virgin Mary, has received a death blow in the past few years in France. Only a few months ago, we heard of many of the nuns and Sisters of Charity fleeing to England and other countries for refuge from their persecutors. In fact, some of them located only a few doors from us in London.

God has seen fit that the Roman beast shall not always go on unchecked.

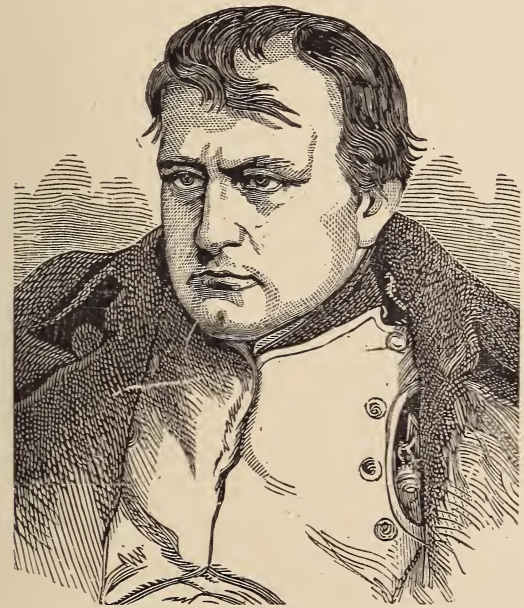
THE FRENCH NATION RETROGRADING

France is far behind other civilized nations, and is rapidly degenerating. The people are given over to sensual pleasures, plunging headlong into all kinds of vice. They have no true religious convictions. France, as she stands today, is in the embrace of infidelity. The degradation of women is seen on every hand. She lacks true motherhood, which is absolutely necessary to the building up of a nation. There is scarcely any increase in the population. If a change does not come soon, this country of ancient lore and fame is doomed.

Wine, fashion and harlotry make the home desolate. We saw women on the streets of Marseilles and Paris with garments so tightly

drawn about their forms, they reminded us of Egyptian mummies.

The sidewalks are lined with men and women drinking wine at small tables. Nearly all the men wear goatees, with the ends of their mustaches curled upward. They sip their



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

wine very slowly, taking as much time to drink a small glass as some people would take to drink a quart of beer. However, we saw no one so intoxicated that his steps were uncer-

tain. There are not so many drunkards in France as there are in England.

Tobacco is used freely in some form by all classes. Men and stylishly attired women drink and smoke together in public places.

Our first meal on board the ship was attended by an unpleasant episode. Wine was served in abundance and without extra expense, and the passengers drank it more freely than water. We endured this as best we could for a time, but after they had finished six courese, and had drunk wine with each course, cigarettes were passed around, and to our surprise and dismay, both men and women began to smoke, some of them rising on their tiptoes to light their cigarettes from those of others on the opposite side of the table. Shocked at the scene, we made a protest, and left the dining-room, and did not return to the table for two days, in the meantime refusing every request to have something brought to our cabin. The rebuke had its effect.

The French have the name of being very courteous, and they are to the extent of their morals, but they are constantly doing things that are not only distasteful, but shocking to people whose moral standard is on a higher

plane. They converse freely with strangers, and pride themselves on being able to take a joke, even though there may be a stinging rebuke in it.

On our voyages, we have found that on almost every vessel, there is some one who does not differ greatly from a circus clown,—he furnishes amusement for others. A Frenchman of this character was on board the "Congo." He tried to be clever and to amuse everybody, but often he overstepped the mark and made himself obnoxious.

An Englishman at our table pretended to watch the food very closely. When meat was served, he intimated to the clever Frenchman that it was horseflesh or even worse,—the flesh of some animal of the canine species that had been sacrificed in behalf of our menu.

Some time ago, the writer read in a London paper that France was trying to legalize the sale of horse-flesh and that of other unclean animals. The fact is, great quantities are sold to poor people and consumed by them, and to avoid being prosecuted, an effort was being made by the dealers to have the embargo removed.

By observation, we have learned that many

people go on ocean voyages more to satisfy their appetites, than for any other purpose. We have seen many of them eat from four to six times a day. The English eat more and oftener than the French. It is surprising how some of them, under these conditions, are able to keep up.

STROMBOLI

On the morning of the 28th, we were in plain view of Stromboli, a volcano rising out of the sea. The smoke was scarcely distinguishable from the white clouds which hung over it. It certainly is a wonder of creation. If it could have spoken, it no doubt would have told us something of the earth's interior, and how that its head had been raised above the water to warn people of the fires of perdition.

The Scriptures teach that hell is in the center of the earth, and to prove this, God has permitted molten lava to burst forth from burning mountains, by which whole cities have been destroyed on account of their wickedness. When the cup of iniquity is filled, God's wrath is sure to follow. Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed by Vesuvius many hundreds of years ago. The ruins of these

VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION

cities have been uncovered, and the inconceivable iniquity of the people exposed.

Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by fire and brimstone, probably from the crater of a burning mountain.

When nearing the Strait of Messina there was so much to be seen it kept us busy going from one side of the vessel to the other. We looked toward the East and saw the rising sun with its rays streaming down through the massive white clouds. We thought of the city on hills of gold, the New Jerusalem, which is soon coming down. Earth is only a stepping-stone to the world beyond, and why should people cling to the perishable things below.

Satan has done all in his power to destroy the world. He has ever persisted in claiming the right to rule and reign over it. But thanks be to God, the time is near when he will be routed from his strongholds, and Christ who redeemed it will transform and robe it in millennial glory. After the work of redemption has been completed and the earth has been purged and purified, He will present to the Father a finished work and deliver up the keys. "Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to

God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all his enemies under his feet" (1 Cor. 15: 24-25).

ITALY AND SICILY

We were told that the "Congo" was not going to touch at any port until she reached Alexandria, but she seemed to be heading for land and we were anxious to see the outcome. We soon found ourselves in the strait with the ruins of Messina on the coast of Sicily in plain view on our right. It will be remembered that this city was destroyed by an earthquake about three years ago. We could see no signs of life in it as we passed by.

On our left was the coast of Italy, dotted here and there with towns and cities, while the green hills made a beautiful background. Many times while studying the geography of Europe in our childhood days we traced the outlines of boot-shaped Italy on a piece of paper, and wondered why God had created it in this shape. Sicily, its football, was separated only by a narrow neck of water. We did not suppose that it would ever be our privilege to be on the Mediterranean and pass through this strait.

THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA

But in the providence of God He brought it to pass. It is certainly a great privilege to be sent on an errand for Him and to be able to perform acceptably the work given us to do.

After passing through the strait we were in full view of Mt. Ætna, with the great white pillars of smoke ascending from its black crater. The scenery on both sides of our vessel was beyond description. It was at least three hours after coming in sight of Ætna before its snow-covered sides vanished from view.

There were persons on board who had seen it many times, who said it had never presented a better appearance.

We wearied of the continual cry of the sea gulls, which had followed us all the way from Marseilles, darting down at times and almost lighting on our heads. They were hungry. The fact is there was not enough food thrown overboard from the vessel to keep the birds that followed it from suffering with hunger. We have seen bushels of food wasted on English vessels, but the French have learned the lesson of economy, and no such waste is seen.

We passed the Isle of Crete at our left, at which Paul touched on his way to Rome.

CHAPTER III

THE CITY OF CAIRO

WE reached Alexandria January 31st. Our first sight of the harbor and the continent made us feel much as we did a few years ago when we saw the ocean for the first time at the mouth of the Columbia River. Words are inadequate to express one's feelings on such occasions.

It was a surprise to us to see so many vessels anchored in this harbor. They were of every imaginable description, floating the flags of the different nations.

Africa is called the "Dark Continent." Its inhabitants are dark-skinned, its history as a whole has been that of dark and bloody crimes. Scarcely anything has been known of its interior until the past few years. David Livingstone, who pioneered the way into its depths of barbarism, is looked upon as a hero of centuries, yet there are no people in the world

EGYPTIAN WATER CARRIERS

whose history is traceable to such a remote period as that of the Egyptians. In Egypt there was civilization before the patriarchal age. The sons of Ham, the "children of the flesh," populated Africa, which undoubtedly accounts for the present uncivilized condition of the continent as a whole.

God pronounced a curse upon Ham and his posterity because of his lack of modesty and virtue. "And he said, Cursed be Canaan (Ham); a servant of servants shall he be."

The "Congo" lay out in the bay a half hour before we disembarked. We had heard how the natives came out in boats to meet the vessels, and we were on the lookout for them. Soon, like so many scavengers, they boarded the ship in quest of passengers and baggage. Many of them spoke a few words of English and French, enough to make known their errand and to show their papers of authority. As might be expected, we were afraid to trust them, and looked for Cook's representatives who charged more for their services, but it is well worth the difference.

We were taken in an omnibus to the Custom House, where our baggage was inspected, and from there to the railroad station where

the train left for Cairo two hours later. They charged us five francs ($1.00) each for transferring us and our baggage. This amount included a small sum to the custom officers, and fees to the natives who handled the baggage.

ALONG THE NILE

When the train pulled out of the station, and especially after we got a view of the Nile, we began to realize that we were actually in Egypt. The history of the children of Israel given in Exodus came to us anew. We thought of Moses and the basket in the bulrushes, and how, later, through God's judgments, this river was turned into blood. One can imagine how it thrilled our heart to be looking upon its placid waters. Its sides were lined with sail boats, small steamers, and rude Egyptian barks.

Shortly after leaving Alexandria, the green fields, with herds and flocks, everywhere greeted our vision. The natives were seen traveling on donkeys and swift dromedaries. Others of the more nomadic tribes were loitering along the way with their cattle, sheep and goats. The stately palms were different from any we had seen in Europe or America.

THE NILE RIVER

The natives came into the car and took seats beside us; some of them were richly dressed. The bright, red fez, with its black tassel, is the prevailing head-dress, though different colored turbans are seen. These natives smoked their cigarettes and eyed us closely, but withal they were friendly and tried to make themselves agreeable, even offering us fruit. One person made us understand that he could speak French well, but only a few words of English. He wore a rich broadcloth robe, with a silk undergarment, and a silk scarf. If he had been dressed in European costume, he might have been taken for a person of superior rank and intelligence. His red fez contrasted vividly with his black hair and eyes.

The three hours' ride from Alexandria to Cairo was full of interest. The native villages gave us some idea of how the people lived. At every station, we were besieged by natives selling their fruits and wares. Four large oranges were bought for one piaster,—five cents.

When we reached the station at Cairo, there was a Babel of voices from the representatives of the different hotels. Natives and white men were alike persistent in trying

to secure our patronage. There were at least a half dozen crying in our ears at once, holding their cards so close they obscured our vision. Others kept their distance, only because there was no room for them to come nearer. We had to keep silent and make our decision, and were soon located on the top floor of the Metropole Hotel. In spite of the confusion, the Lord directed us to the right place.

We soon began to feel at home, and felt like singing,

"Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go,
Anywhere He leads me in this world below,
Anywhere without Him, dearest joys would fade,
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid."

In Egypt, there is a great mixture of European and Asiatic blood, the population being composed of as many as ten different elements. While the skins of some are very dark, their hair is as straight and black as that of an American Indian.

We had never before been so moved with sights and scenes as in Cairo. The streets were like a kaleidoscope, presenting every class and nationality on the globe. The natives in their peculiar costumes displaying both bright and somber colors, with their red,

CAIRO

white and brown turbans, and the more stylish fez, made a picture never to be forgotten. Many of the higher class natives wear long, rich robes, in some instances sweeping the ground, displaying an under garment of bright-colored satin. Contrasted with the various colors and costumes of the natives, are the rich and fashionably dressed men and women of all civilized lands. There is no other spot on the globe where such scenes are constantly greeting the eye. A writer has truly said, "The street scenes presented by the city of the Khalifs admirably illustrates the whole world of Oriental fiction, producing an indelible impression on the uninitiated denizen of the West."

Cairo is fascinating on account of its civilized and half-civilized scenes, which will awaken the interest of the most unemotional character. The city may be compared to a mosaic of the most fantastic or bizarre description. It is called a living museum of all imaginable and unimaginable phases of existence, of refinement and degeneracy, of civilization and barbarism, of knowledge and ignorance, of Paganism, Christianity and Mohammedanism.

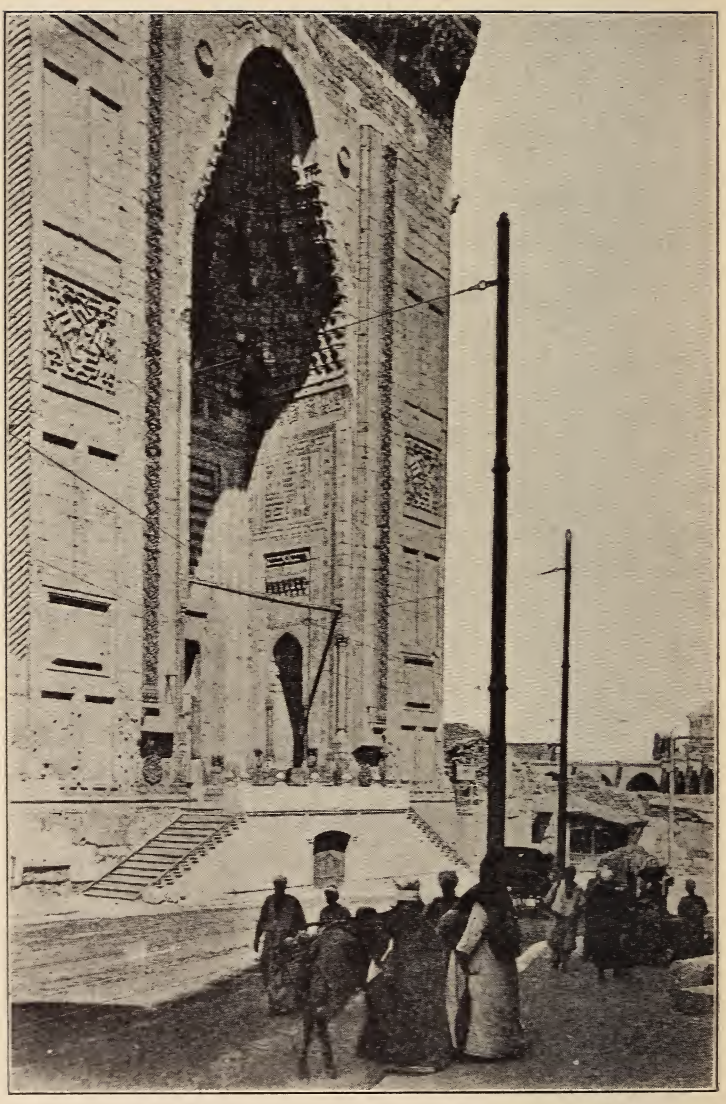
B. Goltz, in his remarks on Cairo, said, "In the boulevards of Paris and on London bridge, I saw but the shadow, and at Alexandria, the prelude only, of the Babel of Cairo, with which the Venetian or Roman carnival is tame and commonplace."

After four o'clock in the afternoon it is almost impossible for visitors to make their way with facility through the public thoroughfares because of the persistent efforts of the natives to sell their wares. For an example of their cunning, one of them, before he had heard us utter a word, accosted us by saying, "How d'oo, Miss America." It is a little difficult for them sometimes to distinguish between the Americans and the English, but the more discerning ones can tell before they have any opportunity to hear them speak.

Among the poorer classes, there is a continual cry for "bakshish," a gift.

MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUES

We never appreciated the Bible more than after seeing Cairo, and observing so many kinds of people with their different religions. The Mohammedan mosques, with their minarets towering hundreds of feet high, are impos-



SULTAN HASSAN MOSQUE

ing structures of granite and marble. We visited the mosque of Sultan Hassan, constructed in 1357. We stood under the dome, which is 150 feet high. On the floor, under the center of this dome, is the tomb of the projector and builder of this mosque. It was once bombarded and almost destroyed by Napoleon, but has been lately reconstructed at a cost of £150,000 ($750,000). We saw other mosques whose outward appearance far exceeded this one in magnificence.

In the courts of these mosques the people meet five times a day to pray. There are no seats or other pieces of furniture to give any idea of ease or comfort.

Before daylight every morning we were awakened by a pious Moslem calling the people to come to the house of prayer. The devil knows as well as Christians, that in the morning is the best time to pray. And if he can appropriate these hours which the people ought to be giving to the Lord in true worship, he has accomplished much in the advancement of his kingdom.

One has to see the degredation that comes as the result of heathen worship in order to fully appreciate the Bible and the countries

over which its influence is felt. How unprincipled and ignorant are those who live in such lands, but have no appreciation of the inspired Word. Infidelity ought to be wiped out of such countries, by compelling those who have no use for the word of God to go to the heathen lands and live among the half-barbarous tribes. England boasts of her civilization, but the parks and thoroughfares of London and other cities are cursed with infidels of the rankest type, who blatantly scoff at believers, and trample the word of God under their feet.

While there is not such a bold type of infidelity in the States, the lack of spiritual life in church members is laying the foundation for even a worse condition of affairs.

THE "HOWLING DERVISHES"

During our stay in Cairo, we looked into the caves and watched the gyrations of the "Howling Dervishes," and truly we can say that our eyes had never beheld such a scene of religious demonstration. We asked our dragoman what they were trying to do, and the answer was, "To please Allah" (God). Some of them apparently were in a semi-conscious

THE CAVE OF THE DERVISHES

state, and with drooping heads and swinging arms, they produced sounds not unlike the American Indians in their war dances. There was an instrument that sounded like a flute which was used to mark the time that they made with their swinging bodies.

When our guide saw our surprise and disgust at the scene, he was somewhat tried, and told us frankly that it was his own religion. There were about 150 in the cave that we visited. They had crept in through narrow passages, and were occupying different rooms of the cave. Intermingled with the noises made by the men, were shrill, hysterical notes of female voices. Weird and wild does not express it. Some of these notes were like the songs of native birds and were really beautiful.

By observation, we have learned that the devil can get control of the human voice, and produce strange sounds, often similar to those of the ventriloquist. In meetings held by the "Tongues" people, there are strange voices and mutterings which are simply demon manifestations. This they call Pentecost. When a victim of the demoniacal tongues begins to jabber it is claimed he has received his baptism. The Dervishes

declare that they are never so happy as when engaged in their fantastical worship. Their god is none other than the devil, who recompenses them for all the sacrifices they make by giving them a superficial and momentary joy, or delight, which subsides with the abatement of their physical energies.

In this we see the counterfeit of true spiritual worship. Hell had to enlarge itself when the devil succeeded in capturing Mohammed and getting him to write the Koran, substituting it for the Bible which he took out of the people's hands. This man, the greatest of all the Moslem prophets, heard voices in a cave, and imagined that he was divinely called to establish the true religion. History says that in his early life, he received instruction from a Christian monk, which in later years he repudiated. This former Christian teaching, when perverted, only made him a more efficient instrument in the hands of Satan. He is said to have been an epileptic, which of course is a form of demon possession. No doubt he heard voices, but they were the voices of fallen spirits. Mohammed was a polygamist, and polygamy is the great curse of his followers today.

OUR DRAGOMAN, "MOHAMMED ALI," TAKEN NEAR THE CAVE OF THE DERVISHES

Satan has tried to curse every nation by introducing polygamy under the name of religion. Mormonism in the United States is the outcome of one of his most successful schemes to destroy souls, and only by the civil and military powers has it been checked and kept under control. When the devil undertook to destroy the human race, he knew that he could best accomplish it through the practice of polygamy.

The multitude of divorces and remarriages that are permitted under the civil governments of the United States and England, is polygamy in a different form, and when we think of the ministers of the old denominations taking a part in legalizing such marriages, we wonder at the mercy of God in restraining His wrath.

Our dragoman informed us that his father had four wives, he being the last child of the last wife. He also said that his father had divorced one wife. Of course he felt no disgrace attached to such family relationships, but even this does not widely differ from families in civilized lands where there have been divorces and remarriages, with children who have been born in unholy marriage relationships.

DIVORCED PARENTS—WHOSE AM I?

Many years ago, when a Methodist missionary in Utah, we listened from day to day to the heart-rending stories of family divisions and quarrels, as related by polygamous children, and in our relationship with Christian denominations, we have heard stories even more pathetic from the lips of children whose parents had been divorced and remarried. May God open up this cesspool of iniquity that is being tolerated by the highest ranks of society, and let people look into its ghastly depths and become sick and faint at heart. Is there no John the Baptist to stand on the walls of spiritual Zion and cry out against the adulterous lives of those who have been divorced and married again while the former companions were living!

CHAPTER IV

A VISIT TO THE PYRAMIDS

ON February 3d, we visited the Great Pyramid. Our dragoman, whose services had been engaged a few days before, met our party at the hotel and took us across the Nile over the world-famed bridge, the "Kasr-el-Nil." The bridge is about 420 yards in length. The buttresses of solid stone are 55 yards apart. The bottom of the foundation is about 45 feet below the level of the river when at its lowest. At each end of the bridge are two great lions, which may be seen in the accompanying picture, and are not unlike those we saw at Trafalgar Square in London.

If the tourist wishes to study the life of the Egyptian peasantry, he should visit the bridge at an early hour. He will find a picturesque and interesting crowd bringing their fresh vegetables and wares to market. Camels may

THE GREAT NILE BRIDGE

be seen with great loads of alfalfa taking up as much space as a small haystack.

From one to three o'clock in the afternoon, the bridge is closed for traffic and opened to let through the river craft, which have accumulated and waited many hours. One could profitably spend weeks at the bridge alone.

On reaching the west side of the Nile, we took a tram car for the Pyramids. On our right side was the famous drive to Gizeh. It is claimed there is not a more delightful drive in the world than the broad and beautiful avenue which leads from Cairo to the Pyramids constructed at the entrance of the desert. We have seen the mansions of the millionaires in the United States and the palaces of European monarchs and kings, but the marble palaces on this road excel them all.

The avenue is lined with motor cars, carriages, mules, camels and donkeys, with men and women from every part of the globe, dressed in rich and fashionable attire, touring, cycling or driving. In contrast with the elegant vehicles and costly apparel of the rich, are the poorly clad natives with their rudely constructed carts laden with fruits and vegetables. Here also may be seen the beggar in

his rags sitting by the wayside, and the "fellahin" selling his oranges, nuts and Egyptian bread.

When the poor people are unable to procure food, they can live on the juice of the Egyptian cane. We saw many of them on the road making a meal from cane stalks.

THE PYRAMIDS

On reaching Gizeh, a small village near the foot of the Pyramids, we were besieged by natives with their donkeys and dromedaries, saddled and ready for use. Either a dromedary or donkey with his driver could be had for a shilling an hour. So persistent were they, before we had given our consent to engage their services, they would have their dromedaries kneeling by us. We mounted one; assisted by two natives we managed to keep our seat until the animal was on his feet. The riding was much easier than we supposed it would be and we greatly enjoyed the trip up to and around the Pyramids and down to the Sphinx and the Stone Temple.

There were so many asking for bakshish we were at a loss to know how to turn some of them away. Our dragoman told us to pay

MRS. WHITE RIDING A DROMEDARY

no attention to them. He said if you give these natives a pound they will ask for more, and they will be as well satisfied with a piaster, (five cents) as a pound. But we took note of the fact that this was not in keeping with his own actions, it took silver and gold to satisfy him. We saw a tourist give an Arab a pound for some slight service. The latter scarcely noticed it, showing no appreciation for the amount that was given. The people of wealth are to blame for this, they have spoiled those who do them favors, and all classes are on the constant lookout for money, whether they do anything to merit it or not, and it does not make much difference to them how they get it. If they show a person the way in the street, they expect something in return.

When the owner of a camel noticed that one of our party was taking a snap shot of the animal, he started toward us crying, "Bakshish."

There are many persons of the motley throng found in the Orient that can speak a few words of English, and stand around and wait for an opportunity to act as interpreter for those who wish to engage a carriage or seek some slight information. If they are

CHEOPS, THE GREAT PYRAMID

even spoken to, they expect money. Some people are tried with them to the extreme limit, but there is no remedy.

At the first sight of Cheops, the largest pyramid, we felt somewhat disappointed. There were many visitors around its base and others climbing to the top. This pyramid is 450 feet high. If we had not seen the sky-scrapers of 46 stories of New York City, we might have been more deeply moved at the sight of the Pyramids, but after having seen what human skill and energy have done in the erection of these massive buildings in our own country, for a time the Pyramids seemed not quite to meet our expectations. But after more closely observing them and being better able to comprehend their dimensions, we began to realize something of their immensity.

The sides of the largest pyramid were originally 800 feet, or more than the length of three city squares. It is estimated that if the stones of this pyramid were made into a wall four feet high and one foot thick, it would be sufficient to enclose the whole of France.

At one time this immense structure was overlaid with polished granite, which was

removed and used in building the mosques of Cairo.

Our guide gave us a brief history of Cheops. The king who built it had conquered a nation and made a pretense of admitting the people to his kingdom, but he immediately devised plans to kill them off, and put them to work building the pyramid, which was to be his tomb and monument. The newly made slaves were compelled to work with only bread and onions and perhaps another vegetable, to eat. They had to bring the stones for the construction of the Pyramids from the hill back of Cairo on the opposite side of the Nile, a distance of about ten miles.

As the result of hard labor, ill-treatment and insufficient food, these slaves died by the thousands. All that died in any one day were buried in one excavation in the ground.

In the center of the Great Pyramid, the sarcophagus and remains of this tyrant were found.

When we take into consideration the cruelty of an earthly monarch, who would sacrifice a race of people to build a tomb for himself, we can get some idea of how far human tyranny and ambition will reach.

RAMESES II, MUSEUM OF CAIRO

Egypt, with its rise and fall of kingdoms and its slavery of human beings,which has been practiced since its earliest history, will certainly have an important part in the day of Judgment.

In the Museum of Cairo, we looked into the face of Rameses as his body lay in a glass case in an open square. His features were remarkably distinct. One would have thought that he had lived but a few years ago. Providentially, the Egyptian art of embalming the human body has been lost to the world. God is trying to teach people that the earth in its present sinful condition can not stand, that those who have been created from the dust must to the dust return.

When people or nations know not God, the tendency is to try to preserve the lifeless body. If they knew God they would remember that He told Adam that it must return to dust.

After viewing the Pyramid until we were fairly dazed by the heights to which the tourists were climbing, we turned toward the Sphinx several hundred yards away. Here we found a colossal figure 125 feet long and 50 feet high,—the body of a lion with the face

THE SPHINX

of a woman, all of its outlines being clearly distinguishable.

Our guide said the natives had searched in vain for the animal which they supposed this figure represented. Near the Sphinx is the ancient Stone Temple. We paid a shilling each for admittance and were taken through its various chambers. Its great red columns are of polished granite. Parts of the Temple and of the floor are of white alabaster. The history of this temple is one of the recent discoveries of Egypt. It is said to have been built by the king that succeeded Cheops.

After returning to the Great Pyramid and watching one of our party ascend and descend it we visited the Dancing Dervishes and then returned to the city, weary with the work of the day, but feeling well paid. How thankful we are that the Lord in His good providence let us visit the country where His ancient people were once enslaved. Their whole history and marvelous deliverance was brought vividly before us, and the flight of ages seemed only a moment of time.

Egypt is a type of the carnal nature and the world power, and the plagues that were sent upon Pharaoh who refused to let the

MRS. WHITE AND MR. AND MRS. A. L. WOLFRAM
IN THE STONE TEMPLE

children of Israel go show how God will destroy sin in the human heart and deliver those who are engaged in His service.

This earth is destined to be made over anew, and the world, or Egyptian power, must be destroyed. When Moses asked Pharaoh to let the children of Israel go and sacrifice to God he refused. He was willing to let them offer sacrifice in Egypt, but God would not permit this. The Egyptians would have stoned them and there had to be a separation.

Before people can truly serve the living God they must separate themselves from all that is unholy. No one can have ungodly associations and live a Christian life,—he must break with those who are in rebellion against God, or become a partaker of their sins

The crossing of the Red Sea symbolizes the new birth. God could not give Israel His law and make them a nation until they had become a separate people. Some of them had become so depraved and demoralized through Egyptian practices and associations they could not be kept in bounds after they had escaped from Pharaoh's kingdom. The law was given to rein them up, but many of them rebelled and were smitten.

After people have been truly born of the Spirit, they are often tempted to return to their old habits and practices. It is therefore necessary that they should be kept under the strictest discipline, especially the young, for the tendency is to long for the things that have been left behind, and in their instruction it takes line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little (Isa. 28: 10-13). The old denominations have failed to discipline their people, hence the cause of their great apostasy.

Many have the idea that they can run riot and engage in all kinds of sinful pleasures and then turn in time to escape the eternal fires, but such people will awaken to the fact, sooner or later, that they must reap just what they have sown. When one commits sin he does so at great cost, there is nothing so dear as sinful pleasures.

MOHAMMEDANS

The Moslem religion has controlled the people of Egypt for the past 1,300 years and kept them in a half-civilized state. The Mohammedans believe that women have no souls and that in no sense are they on an equality

HIGH CASTE EGYPTIAN WOMAN

with men. Women occupy the place of slaves and are not even permitted to enter the mosques. They are compelled to mourn for the dead, and on funeral occasions they are conducted through the streets clad in black, riding on rude vehicles drawn by donkeys or cattle. Their heads are always covered, and their faces veiled.

No man is allowed to look into the faces of these women except their brothers and husbands. Some of them, of the wealthier classes, are richly dressed and ride about the city in carriages. Women scarcely ever accompany the men on the streets or highways, unless it be of the poorer classes, where the men ride while they walk and carry the burden.

CHAPTER V

EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIANS

EGYPT, with its remote civilization, furnishes the student with a wider scope for historical research than any other country on the globe. The hieroglyphics carved in granite in the ages past, reveal much of the life, habits and religious worship of the people, that otherwise would have been lost to the world. In addition to this, bodies that were embalmed centuries before Christ, are in a state of preservation.

Through the discoveries in Egypt, God has proved to the world that He could write a book that time could not efface, the pages of which are often found hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth.

The great Museum at Cairo is filled with the relics of antiquity, which would take volumes to describe. A few hours spent here brings us face to face with this remarkable,

illustrated book, written in tablets of stone. We imagined that we could almost hear the kings and queens and others speak as we looked upon their features that had been so perfectly traced by the sculptor. Stones, archways and many other pieces of ornamentation are there, which were a part of the magnificent structures in which these rulers lived. The bodies (mummies) of the ancient rulers, the features of which are clearly outlined, have been taken from the granite sarcophagi and placed on exhibition. These tombs are of enormous weight and have been brought from their resting places at the expense of much labor and money. They are covered with carved figures, which were used as a means of communication by the ancients. Since some recent discoveries, this picture-writing on the stone caskets is better understood.

The history of Egypt begins with Genesis, and we follow it through all the books of the Old Testament. Egypt symbolizes the fleshly, or carnal nature that is at strife with the new man of the heart. It portrays the "old man," always in hot pursuit of the spiritual child, seeking to take his life. Egypt is the

PICTURE-WRITING AND EGYPTIAN OBELISK

mother of Ishmael, who sought to slay Isaac. God called Abram out of Ur of Chaldea to go into the land of Canaan which He gave to him and his posterity as an inheritnace. Soon after reaching Canaan, a famine arose in the land, and he took Sarai, his wife, and went into Egypt. Here Hagar, an Egyptian woman, became Sarai's maid. Sarai was a woman fair to look upon, but was barren. Abram feared that the Egyptians would give him trouble on account of her beauty and used strategy to deceive them in regard to his relationship to her, but this only made matters worse. Pharaoh's princes who saw her, reported to their master, and the heathen king had her brought to his own house, ignorant of the fact that she was Abram's wife. When he found the secret out, he sent Abram away with her and all of his belongings. If God had not plagued Pharaoh's house, he would have kept her.

Sarai symbolizes the true Church. When Israel, as a nation, backslid, stoned their prophets, crucified their Messiah and rejected the Holy Ghost, God's judgments fell upon them and they were left in desolation, and from that time the true Church has been

with the Gentiles. There is no spiritual motherhood in Israel. "Blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in." For more than two thousand years the veil has been over their faces, and their enemies have triumphed over them. Sarai, in the house of Pharaoh, symbolizes this Church. It was not God's plan for Abraham to remain in Egypt, therefore He plagued the house of Pharaoh in order to get him back to Canaan where Sarai, whose name now became Sarah, brought forth Isaac, the spiritual child. There is a remarkable symbolism here. God's judgments will again fall upon the Gentiles and Israel will be delivered and become the conservators of true religion. It is evident that the time is near at hand.

Before Isaac was born, in order to take away the reproach of a childless home, Sarah gave her Egyptian maid to Abram that an

heir might be born unto him. The result was that Ishmael, a child of the flesh, was born, whom God declared should not be His heir. Later, Sarah, in her old age, conceived and brought forth Isaac, the child of the Spirit (Gal. 4). Ishmael, the Egyptian, mocked and persecuted Isaac, and would have succeeded in slaying him if Sarah had not refused to let him and his bond-mother stay in the home.

Ishmael, whose mother was an Egyptian, also symbolizes the fleshly or carnal nature, which exists in the human heart after the new birth. In common phraseology, he was a chip off the old block. The child of the flesh always persecutes the child of the Spirit. Sarah watched the proceedings from day to day and saw the danger her son was in, and frankly declared that Ishmael could not be heir with Isaac, neither should he remain in the same house.

When the child of the flesh was cast out into the desert, the strife was ended and there was peace in the home. And so it is when the soul is sanctified wholly. The strife between the old and the new natures is brought to an end and the heart becomes the temple of the Holy Spirit, where He continually abides. Sarah showed true motherhood when

she cast out the son of the bondwoman. The true Church will wage vigorous warfare against the carnal nature. Otherwise the spiritual life will be destroyed and the Egyptian nature will predominate in the heart.

Moses chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter and enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. The secret of his birth not having been disclosed, he was marvelously preserved through the early years of his life. He was a true Hebrew, even though he was fostered by the daughter of a heathen king. The offer of a throne and scepter was no inducement to him to forsake his own people. For many years he kept the secret of his birth from Pharaoh's house. To have disclosed it would have been at the peril of his life and that of his people. But the time came when the pent-up loyalty of his heart had to have an outlet, and before he was scarcely aware of it the opportunity presented itself. He had looked upon the oppression of his people from day to day until he could no longer forbear. Exodus 2:11-12 says, "And it came to pass in those days, when Moses was grown, that he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their bur-

DESCENDING THE PYRAMID

dens: and he spied an Egyptian smiting an Hebrew, one of his brethren. And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand."

Moses is a type of Christ; God raised him up to deliver His people from bondage and he was anxiously awaiting the opportunity. The slaying of the Egyptian and the burial of him in the sand shows how Christ slays the man of sin in the human heart, or, in other words, the second work of grace. When Moses killed the man, he supposed that no one knew what he had done, but it could not be hid. The next day while trying to make peace between two of his brethren, he was accused by one of them of wanting to kill him as he did the Egyptian. When he learned that the secret was out, he fled for his life, knowing that Pharaoh would pursue him.

And so it is when a person is sanctified, the powers of darkness array themselves against him. When the progeny of Adam the first is cut off opposition will arise from those who have the Egyptian, or carnal nature. Spiritual warfare is raging between sin and righteousness, and people must take sides. To allow the man of

sin to live when the time comes for his execution means to forfeit salvation, and serve the king of darkness.

Egypt is the mother of the old nature. God has made her, with her relics of by-gone ages, an object lesson for spiritual instruction, which perfectly accords with the written Word. The Bible is not the only book which gives the history of the son of the perverse woman, who had to be cast out into the desert. Another book, as before stated, now lies open to be read, much of which has been buried for centuries, and the whole world is invited to study it and to scan the ghastly features of Ishmael, the child of the flesh.

The temples and statuary of ancient Egypt, together with the Pyramids, are drawing people from Europe and America, and in fact every country on the globe. Many have become so fascinated with the charms of Egypt and the study of these relics, that they are not satisfied to be sightseers only, but are now building magnificent houses and settling on the banks of the Nile to spend the rest of their days.

After visiting Egypt, the Old Testament brims with new life and inspiration.

CHAPTER VI

MOHAMMEDAN FUNERALS, WEDDINGS AND BIRTHS

WHILE in Cairo, we frequently saw Moslem funeral processions. The bier was carried on the shoulders of four or six men with people of all classes enmassed about them.

In the rear were women dressed in black with veiled faces riding in carts, or sitting on boards across the running gear of wagons. Among them were the mourning women who have an important part at the grave, where their pitiful wails awaken the emotions even of those who are least concerned.

Females are not allowed in the places of prayer, but their presence is always welcome at funerals. If a father or husband should be buried, they bewail the loss of their bread-winner.

The homely vehicles on which they ride are drawn by donkeys, mules or oxen. The procession sometimes consists of hundreds or even thousands of people.

If death occurs in the morning, the funeral takes place the same day. Or if it occurs in the afternoon it is posponed until the next morning. When the breath leaves the body it is washed and mourned over by the family and the mourning women. It is then wrapped in a winding sheet and placed on a bier, covered with red or green cloth, and carried forth in solemn procession.

At funerals blind men are placed at the front, who walk slowly, repeating the same words over and over, "There is no God, but God; Mohammed is the ambassador of God. God be gracious to him and preserve him." The blind men are followed by the male relatives of the deceased, and sometimes by a number of dervishes with flags of their order.

A person carries the Koran on a covered stand. A number of boys usually chant in loud, shrill voices several passages describing the last Judgment. Then comes the bier, with relatives and friends in every-day attire, and the female relatives sobbing aloud. These are accompanied by the mourning women, whose business it is to extol the merits of the deceased. Female relatives will cry, "O thou camel of my house" (the camel being the em-

AN ARAB SHOP

blem of the breadwinner of the household).

Before the burial takes place the body is carried into a mosque, where prayers are offered in behalf of the dead. There is always the tomb of a saint in the mosque before which the body is placed and prayers and chants are again recited. The procession then forms anew and moves toward the cemetery. The body is let down a perpendicular shaft to a vault excavated on one side of it, and then placed in such position that the face is turned toward Mecca. The entrance of the lateral vault is then walled up and during the long process the mourners cry, "God pardon the Moslem men and Moslem women."

A person then turns to the dead and addresses him, informing him how he is to answer the two examining angels who are to question him during the ensuing night. While the perpendicular shaft is being filled up, the mourners incessantly repeat the words, "In the the name of God be merciful; In the name of God be merciful!" The members then disappear, and the mourning women come forward to inspect the tomb. Moslems believe that the soul remains with the body three days

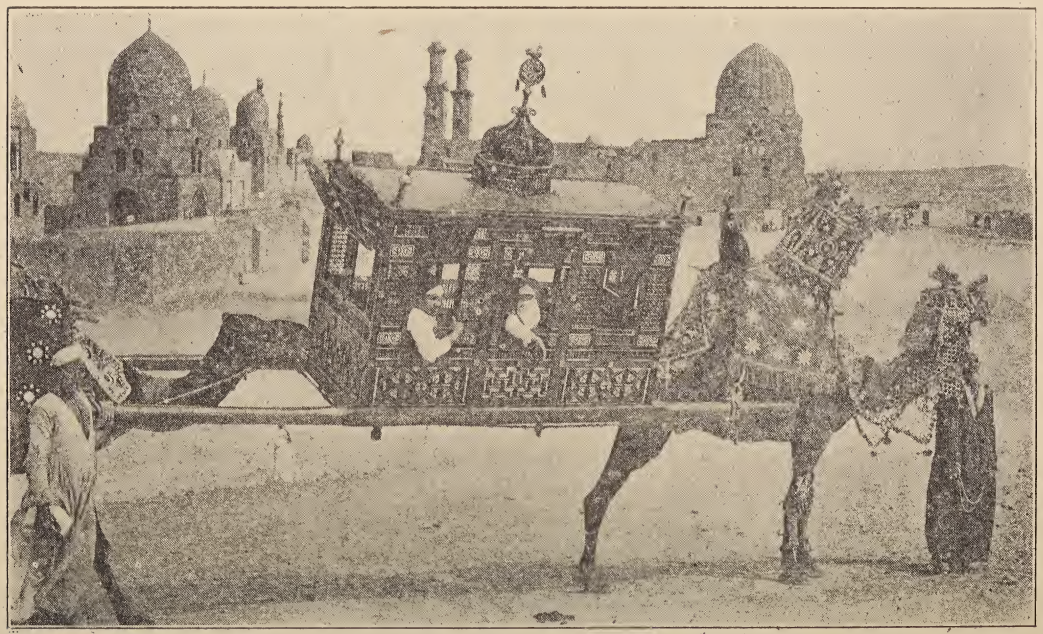
after death. Such is the darkness and superstition of the deluded followers of Mohammed.

The birth of a child is celebrated on the seventh day of its life by a domestic festival attended by some learned theologian.

The mother takes the child when it is forty days old to the bath and causes forty bowls of water to be poured over its head. If the infant is a girl thirty-nine bowls. This bath forms the purification of both the mother and the child.

The rite of circumcision is performed on boys up to the age of seven years. The ceremony is attended with great pomp. The child is conducted through the streets in holiday attire. The barber who performs the operation accompanied by a noisy troupe of musicians takes the lead.

Girls are usually married in their twelfth or thirteenth year, and sometimes as early as their tenth year. A man in search of a bride employs a near relative or a woman who is a professional matchmaker. If he is of high caste he is not permitted to see his bride until the wedding day. When everything is ready, the bridegroom is supposed to pay about twenty-five pounds if the bride is a



A MARRIAGE PROCESSION

widow. If she is a spinster, he has to pay more. The amount to be paid down is always a subject of much discussion, usually it is two-thirds, the remainder being settled upon the wife and paid to her upon the death of the husband, or if she should be divorced against her will.

Before the wedding, the bride is conducted in gala attire with great pomp and ceremony to the bath. The procession is headed by musicians with hautboys and drums. Then follow relatives of the bride in pairs, after these young girls. The bride is entirely concealed by the clothes she wears, usually covered from head to foot in a cashmere shawl.

As the company moves slowly along, hideous shrieks of joy may be heard from women of the lower classes. After the wedding, the bride is attended with the same ceremony to the house of her husband. She may be divorced at the will of her husband for the slightest offense.

Everywhere harems may be seen, with closed shutters, especially among the wealthier classes. Only women of the peasantry are seen mingling with the throng in the public thoroughfares.

CHAPTER VII

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO JAFFA

ON February 9th, we left Alexandria enroute to Jaffa. We had gone on board the "Orenoque" the evening before. At eight o'clock in the morning we were on deck to get a last glimpse of the port. As our vessel moved out of the harbor, a most wonderful sight was presented to our view. All kinds of steamships, sailing vessels and the rude barks of the natives were intermingled in the harbor. Great cargoes were being unloaded by the Egyptians who kept up a continual jabbering and shouting at one another. Other vessels were loading up. The freight is all handled by the natives, who, with great brawny muscles and bare feet, work like beavers until their task is done.

There were some magnificent vessels lying in the harbor, floating American, British and other flags.

We have stood on the piers of the great seaports of the American and European continents, but as we contemplated the future we felt that some day this would be the world's great maritime center. We believe it will play an important part in the transportation and protection of the Jews when they are gathered back to the land of their fathers. The angel of inspiration seemed to linger close by, and our mind went back over the past four thousand years of Egyptian history. We had looked into the faces of their kings, examined their temples and tombs, learned something of their manner of communication, and the gods they worshiped. We thought of the mighty deliverance God gave the children of Israel under the leadership of Moses, and their birth as a nation. We saw that vast throng wandering through the wilderness, after, in the providence of Jehovah, they had been so wonderfully liberated, and the destroying angel had slain the first born of their foes. We could almost hear Moses' song of deliverance, which climaxed the literary productions of his day. Miriam's voice was heard above all the women whom she led forth with timbrels and with dances. Moses said, "I will

sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea" (Exodus 15:1). This song of victory was used in celebrating the birth of a new nation, symbolic of the conversion of a soul. There are songs of joy when a soul has been delivered from the bondage of sin. And it is God's purpose to lead one whose heart has thus been transformed by grace into the Canaan of rest. The wanderings of the children of Israel in the desert marked the path of disobedience. They should have hastened to the Promised Land and claimed their inheritance, but weary years of confusion and suffering came as a result of their doubting God and refusing to go in and possess the land. How many new-born souls tarry in the wilderness until their opportunity is lost, and thus they forfeit the great experience that God has in store for them!

There were only about twelve hours ahead of us until we should reach the Suez Canal. The construction of this canal is one of the great achievements of modern times. It has been the means of opening up the eastern portion of the Asiatic Continent, and millions who have worshiped at the shrines of

JAFFA BOATMEN

heathen gods are gradually becoming enlightened.

We reached Port Said about eight o'clock in the evening. Our vessel was anchored near a large British steamship carrying 400 soldiers to India. We appreciate the fact that the British had gotten a foothold in that country, where for so many centuries the thralldom of human beings has been so great. The military powers can do much to enlighten the heathen. Where men will not be persuaded to put away error, it is often necessary to use force. It takes law to teach them their first lesson. As soon as the children of Israel escaped from Egyptian bondage, God put them under law. He did this to restrain their appetites and passions, and to teach them the difference between the clean and the unclean.

The voyage from Alexandria to Port Said in many respects was more interesting than that on any other part of the Mediterranean. After leaving Alexandria, we found it rather rough sailing. There were some indications of a storm. The sun would burst through the clouds and quickly disappear. In the meantime the rays were falling on other parts of the sea, producing the most beautiful shades

imaginable. There were all the colors of the rainbow.

We thought of the portals of the glory world and wondered if when we come in sight of the city not made with hands we shall be more enraptured.

The day was without any special events, any more than that of passing the "Caronia," of the Cunard line. The passengers turned their glasses on us and salutations were exchanged.

While our ship was lying in the harbor at Port Said, we noticed the stewards and officers were careful to keep doors and windows closed. The natives come out and board the ships in Eastern ports without any hesitation. Oftentimes they are driven back by force, but will watch for a good opportunity to return.

Early the next morning there were marked indications that a severe storm was approaching. All day the machinery was in operation unloading the freight, and the natives in their strange costumes besieged the ship from morning till night. At four o'clock in the afternoon passengers began to come on board who had arrived from Cairo. To our surprise

there were a number of persons among them whom we had met on the "Congo." They had made a trip up the Nile, and hastened back to continue their voyage on the "Orenoque." Some of them were delighted to see us and to renew the acquaintance.

The passengers were being transferred from small boats to the ship in a gale, and every moment it was becoming more hazardous. During the strife between the natives in trying to outdo one another, two of them fell overboard. It was amusing to see the boatmen trying to manage their frail barks and rescue their unfortunate friends at the same time. In spite of our efforts to be serious we were almost convulsed with laughter. An evil angel seemed to say, "I will pay you for this." The small boats, which were being lashed by the waves were bobbing up and down making it almost impossible for the boatmen to keep their footing, especially when they were transferring baggage and fruit to the large vessel. While we were looking upon the scene with pity and amusement, the hat of one of our party was blown away, and was taken so quickly no one saw in what direction it went.

Many times we regretted that we were un-

BEYROUT, SYRIA

able to understand what the Moslems were saying. They kept up a continual jabbering and contention, yet they never seemed to be very angry with one another. Money is their object,—piasters, francs and shillings,—Egyptian, French and English money. They have their eyes especially on the Americans; they imagine that they have "all kinds of money." When we reached Alexandria, we were told they cried out, "A new religion has come from America." The people in foreign lands look upon America as being the birthplace of many new religions. Some who could speak a few words of broken English ventured to ask what Pillar of Fire meant. Our uniforms made them more reserved than they otherwise would have been. They had seen nothing like them before, and of course were at a loss to know how to approach us.

A STORM AT SEA

We were expecting to leave Port Said Friday evening, but the storm that had been brewing for many hours was upon us. Because of the protest of the passengers and others, the Captain consented to wait a while. But before day the next morning he became anxious

and put out to sea. The ship, although securely anchored, had been rocking fiercely all night, but at twenty minutes past four she was moving out of the harbor. For twelve hours she was held in the embrace of the storm, furiously lashed and tossed. At times there would seem to be no possible hope of keeping her afloat. There was a terrific stroke of lightning which struck the ship somewhere above water line, but no great damage was done. With but few exceptions, there was a death-like stupor over all the passengers. Some of them were too ill to answer when they were spoken to. We noticed a number of them who tried to get from the dining room to their cabins, but did not succeed without help. It took faith and courage to keep up at times, but we knew, with the help of the Lord, it was possible to do so, and did not give up.

There was no possibility, in such a storm, of landing at Jaffa, which has no enclosed harbor, and the Captain and crew thought it advisable to turn toward Cyprus. They did so, but later the ship was headed for Beyrout, Syria, reaching there Sunday morning at 7: 30.

During the worst of the storm it seemed impossible for some to realize our peril. Those who suffer greatly from seasickness are not afraid of a grave in the deep. The fact is they would just about as soon die as live, and some have been known to jump overboard rather than to suffer longer. Those who have never had an experience of seasickness are apt to speak of it lightly, and look upon it as a joke. But should they have an experience themselves, they will find out that it is sometimes a serious thing.

Word had been telegraphed to different places on land that the "Orenoque" had been lost in the storm. When the Captain heard this it made him very angry, and his wrath was kindled anew when he saw the people coming out at Beyrout to see the vessel which they supposed was lost at sea.

It might interest our readers to know something of our experience during the storm. We must confess that we did not realize the ship was in such danger. This was from the fact that we had been in a worse storm the year before. While other passengers were suffering greatly, we sang songs from the Pillar of Fire Praises and never felt more like re-

joicing. One of our party said he would not have missed the experience for a great deal. We did not know that our singing had encouraged the passengers until we reached Beyrout, when expressions came from different ones as to how they were helped and encouraged. Certainly such experiences are priceless to those who trust alone in God. In time of greatest danger we sang,

"No water can swallow the ship where lies
The Master of ocean and earth and skies."

He was the Captain of our salvation and taught others how true Christians can rejoice at all times.

We remained on board the ship until Monday, when we were transferred to the "Sadieh," a Khedevial mail steamer for Jaffa. Monday we had an opportunity of seeing something of Beyrout. We were taken ashore by Syrians, who had watched us from the time we had reached the port in hope of getting something to do.

The narrow streets of the city were quite different from some we had seen in Alexandria and Cairo, and were literally lined with wares for sale. We scarcely dared to look to the right hand or to the left, lest we should give

PEACE, BE STILL

some one the idea that we wanted to purchase something.

This was the first city we visited that was wholly under the control of the Turks, and while the religion is the same in Egypt, as here, we could see a marked difference. We began to feel, as never before, the curse of this Power and what a menace it is to the human race. We sat at their tables and ate with them. While they seemed to be friendly enough, we knew their treachery and the fact that when once the beast is aroused in them there are no extremes of cruelty to which they will not go.

To describe their houses and thoroughfares so our readers would understand how they looked to us would be impossible. We saw the Turkish soldiers marching in Beyrout. They look upon achievements in war as man's greatest glory. The deeper they can wade in the blood of infidels, as they call those who differ from them in religion, the greater they believe will be their reward in the life to come. This is the basis of the Mohammedan religion.

Great Britian has come so close to them in the protectorate which she holds over Egypt the Turks are becoming intimidated and have awaken to the fact that their bloodthirsty

wars will not be tolerated by the more enlightened powers of the earth. Rapid changes are undoubtedly taking place, and slowly but surely they must succumb to the verdict of all,—"The Turk must go!"

When we think of the tyranny of the Turks over the sons of Jocob and how they continue to hold their ancient patrimony, it stirs us to the depths, and we cry, "How long, O Lord, how long shall this be?"

Our ship was expected in the early part of the afternoon, but was somewhat disabled on account of the storm, and delayed. To the joy of those who had been waiting for many days for a boat to Jaffa, she arrived at 3.30 p. m. She was sailing under the English flag, with Scotch and English officers.

Even though the French were unable to land us at Jaffa they were unwilling for us to go on a Turkish vessel and discouraged every effort we made to get passage on any vessel but the "Sadieh." The wind was somewhat contrary when we went aboard and some predicted that we should not be able to land at Jaffa, but the Lord showed us clearly that they were mistaken and that we should have a safe landing the next day.

The next morning we awakened after a good night's rest, with the blessing of the Lord on our soul. A few hours later we reached Haifa and went out on deck to see the passengers transferred to and from the little boats that had come out to meet the ship, which was anchored, perhaps a quarter of a mile from land. There was great strife as usual among the boatmen, but a worse scramble for passengers and baggage than we had seen before. They actually knocked one another down on the steps. All was disorder and confusion. It was said that no boat had landed there for nine days and they were desperate for a few francs and shillings.

We noticed five men, two women and two children in a small boat, talking loudly. The women with their heavily veiled faces were more demonstrative than the men, they were doing their best to induce others to make way for them to come on board the ship, but they were not making much progress. Two intelligent looking men who stood near us kept shouting out to them in Arabic. One of them spoke with authority. He cried out in English, "Drive the chief of the robbers back! If he comes up the steps we will dash water on him."

I ventured to ask him if there was so much difficulty usually in getting passengers on and off the vessels. He replied, "No, I have never seen it quite like this." He wore no uniform, but I felt that he was the Captain. About this time the Russian Consul, who was on board, was taken to a small boat. He was accompanied by a native in gorgeous apparel, the uniform of a servant to a high official. Some one said the Russian Consul was a fine gentleman. After an hour of confusion and almost desperation on the part of those who were trying to get off and on the ship a person who was trying to get on board was thrust back bodily by an officer and a moment later the steps, or ladder, was taken up. We learned then that the man with whom we had been conversing was the Captain. He told us that these men and women whom he had called "robbers" were from a cholera-infected district and if they had been allowed to come on board the ship would have had to go into quarantine. It takes a firm and experienced officer to know how to handle such persons.

JAFFA

Our ship was soon headed toward Jaffa. When in our cabin we opened the Bible; our

eyes fell on Acts 10:9, which reads as follows, "On the morrow, as they went on their journey, and drew nigh unto the city, Peter went up upon the housetop to pray about the sixth hour." It seemed remarkable that we should open to this scripture when within but a few hours of the very spot where Peter had the vision of the sheet being let down with the four-footed beasts and all manner of creeping things. The Spirit of the Lord came upon us as we read a part of the chapter, and the pressure became so great we felt the earthen vessel could bear no more. We thought of the Jews and the desolation of their country and the awful poverty and woe of the half-barbarous people living under Mohammedan rule. For nearly a month we had been studying the Moslems, most of whom seem to be striving for a mere existence.

The Spirit flashed the truth upon us and showed us that in our experience in the storm on the French vessel, and its being unable to land us at Jaffa, God was trying to teach us an important lesson. We had been wondering how He was going to bring about a transformation among the followers of Mohammed, break the power of Turkey, and give the Jews

TURKS TRYING TO CAPTURE A FORTRESS

back their own land. We were now sailing to Jaffa under the British flag, with a Scotch captain, who had driven the robbers back and saved us from quarantine and whatever else might have followed as the result of those desperate men's coming on board.

We saw under the light of the Spirit that God is going to use the British in some way in the liberation of the Jews from Gentile bondage. It is reasonable that they should be used in wresting the land from the Turks. He has given them the supremacy of the sea and wherever the English flag floats, it means protection and liberty. Our tears flowed freely, and our heart throbbed with glad anticipation of the change that we believe is near at hand. This experience almost prostrated us in body, and we went to bed and slept two hours, awakening just as the "Sadieh" was drawing near to Jaffa. The sea was calm and the sun was shining, after all the indications of storm there had been in the morning.

With a prophetic eye we looked into the future and saw Jaffa as the world's greatest seaport,—the identical place where Peter had the vision of all nations' coming under the priv-

ileges of the Gospel. We could see a great harbor with ships bringing the riches of the Gentiles to Jerusalem in fulfilment of God's word. How we longed for this to be brought about! May the forces be put in operation that will speedily consummate God's plans in the Restoration. Surely He cannot endure much longer the desolation of Zion.

CHAPTER VIII

JAFFA AND JERUSALEM

WHEN we reached Jaffa, we were expecting more difficulty in landing than we had had before, and decided to secure the best service possible. A tall Syrian gallantly escorted us to a small boat and landed us safe on the shore. He assisted us in getting through the Custom House, and provided a carriage to take us to the hotel. Our visit in Egypt somewhat prepared us for the scenes that greeted us here. We saw much more destitution than at Alexandria and Cairo. Some of the beggars on the roadside were lepers.

In the afternoon we secured the services of a guide from Jerusalem, who took us in a carriage to the various places of interest at Jaffa. On the way he talked to us about the storm that had been raging on sea and land for many days. He said the like had not been

known on that coast for thirty years, and that the damage to the orange groves was estimated at sixty thousand pounds. We saw a number of groves where the oranges had been beaten off the trees and piled up while they were yet green.

We wondered why the Lord saw fit to take us to Palestine at such a time as this, but it must be remembered that we were on an errand for Him, and He wanted us to know the worst of the climate, and the suffering of the people under the most unfavorable conditions.

We were much interested in the conversation with our interpreter, who spoke English with fluency. He was no ordinary person in his profession, but the best the country afforded, being in the employ of the Grand New Hotel of Jerusalem. There is not much satisfaction in talking to a person when half he says cannot be understood.

We visited the house of Simon the Tanner, and on the way, as we followed through a narrow passage-way, where the carriage could not go, we were besieged by children asking for bakshish; their parents were looking on and evidently had trained them to beg. Our guide would shout at them to drive them away.

WELL AND HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER

When we reached the place where, it is claimed, the house of Simon the Tanner stood, we found a Moslem praying on a rug. He tried to appear very devout.

A flight of stone steps led to the roof of the house, which is supposed to have replaced the one on which Peter had the vision. There is a well at this place which Moslems claim is the well of Simon the Tanner.

Our guide took us over a road leading through orange groves to a Greek Catholic monastery. The priests officiating in the chapel were very courteous. On the walls were numerous hand-painted pictures of Christ and the Virgin. The various pictures of the Crucifixion were painted life-size and must have been placed in the church at great expense. There was a winding stairway to the top of the building, where we obtained a view of the city, with its beautiful orange groves stretching northward and eastward. The green trees laden with yellow fruit made us think of the good time coming, when the sons of Jacob will possess their patrimony and the land will bud and blossom as the rose.

The orange trade is the chief industry of

Jaffa, and should the crop fail, the poor people suffer greatly, often becoming utterly destitute of food and clothing.

There is not a more beautiful and congenial climate to be found in winter than Jaffa affords. It is quite different from the Lebanon Mountains, near Beyrout, or the hills of Zion. If we had been seeking health and a place to pass the time, no doubt we should have tarried here many weeks, but we were on a different mission.

Near the Greek Church, we visited the so-called tomb of Dorcas. There were a number of other tombs in the cave, which it is claimed were those of her relatives. We felt quite sure that this was not the real tomb of Dorcas, but only a place to allure travelers in order to get their money. Money-getting is the one great object in the Holy Land. Merchandise is made of all such places.

Early on the morning of February 15th, we took the train from Jaffa to Jerusalem, a distance of fifty-three miles. It was a delightful journey. On leaving Jaffa it was much like being among the orange groves of Southern California, except that the growth here was

much more luxuriant, the fruit larger and of better quality.

In getting from the hotel to the train, two persons almost fought over our baggage. They spoke both English and Arabic in their contention. We drew a breath of relief when we found we were actually seated in the car, no more to be disturbed, until we reached Jerusalem.

The money-changers play an important part in the various scenes and experiences about the railroad stations. There is no passing them by, in fact they are in league with the ticket agents and those who register the baggage. Of course, the person who gets his money changed is always the loser, and more especially so if he is not familiar with the coins.

Soon we were viewing the plain of Sharon, with its beautiful green fields stretching out before us as far as the eye could reach. Thorn hedges are used for enclosures, there being a great scarcity of timber in the country. The middle of February is early spring in Palestine. Wild flowers were seen everywhere, and the fruit trees were in bloom. The natives were plowing with camels, donkeys and cows. Their farming implements were rough and

JAFFA ORANGE GROVES

odd in appearance. Their dwellings were mostly of clay.

There is much more poverty in evidence in Palestine than in Egypt. Destitute men, women and children may be seen everywhere, especially at the railroad stations, where they come to beg or to sell oranges and flowers to the passengers.

Many of them are afflicted with blindness in one or both eyes. We were told that a great deal of this was caused by carelessness in handling unripe figs; the juice of a certain part of the fruit being poisonous and very injurious to the eyes. We were reminded of Isaiah 35: 5-6, "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert." It will be a glorious time when the outcasts of Israel have been gathered home, and the streets of Zion resound with praises to their king. Multitudes will seek the fountain opened to the house of David for the healing of their physical and spiritual ailments. The lame man will leap as an hart, not only because he will have been healed of

his lameness, but because he will have the joy of salvation.

THE HILLS OF JUDÆA

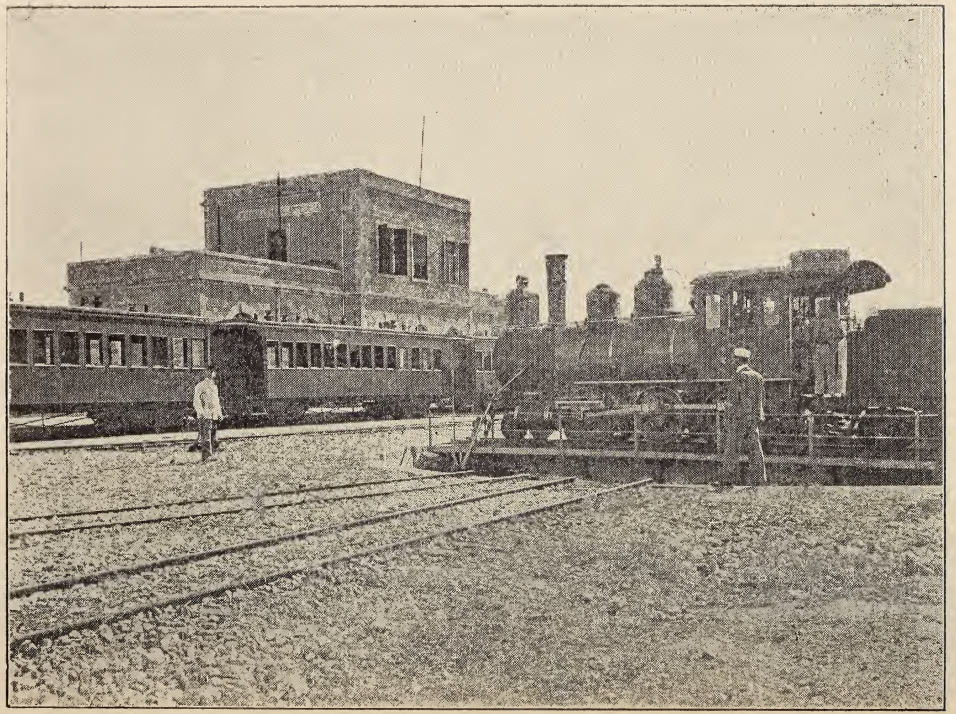
We passed the stations of Lydda and Ramleh, before reaching the hills of Judæa. When the train began to pull up-grade, it went very slowly, giving us time to view and study the country. We have traveled many thousands of miles through the Appalachian Mountains of the East, and over the Rocky Mountains in nearly all the Western States, but have never seen anything like the terraced hills of Palestine. Some of them have one stone wall after another from the base to the top, enclosing narrow strips of ground under cultivation, where vegetables, olives, grapes and other fruits grow. In many places there were drifts of snow. One could take up snow with one hand and pick flowers with the other. This we have done in the Rocky Mountains.

The cave where Samson hid when the Philistines were after him, was pointed out to us, and also the place where he tied the firebrands between the tails of the 300 foxes and destroyed the fields. These foxes with the firebrands symbolize people who have received

the baptism with the Holy Ghost and go forth with tongues of fire to destroy the work of the devil. One person filled with the Holy Ghost can do more damage to Satan's kingdom than tens of thousands of dead professors. One can chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight. Satan and his imps are not greatly alarmed until one has received the fiery baptism.

Remembering that a lion roared on Samson, we noticed many caves that looked to be good hiding places for wild beasts. To know that Samson killed the lion and afterwards found honey in its carcass, has always been an inspiration to us. The lion symbolizes carnality, which must be slain in the human heart, if one would master himself and be a victor over the world, the flesh and the devil. The honey of full salvation is found where the lion of sin has been slain. Reader, be sure that the beast of depravity does not master you. The omnipotent Christ, of whom Samson in his great strength is a type, will slay him in the twinkling of an eye, when conditions are met.

As our train continued to pull up-grade and wind around the sides of the mountains,



RAILROAD STATION AT JERUSALEM

the atmosphere grew much colder. We were surprised to see so much snow. It was told us that the storm that had just passed was the greatest and most destructive one that had swept over that country in thirty years, and we were compelled to believe the statement, for many told the same story. Radical changes are taking place in the climate of Palestine, which shows that God is working in a mysterious way to bring to pass the things that are written in His word.

Bittir was our last station before reaching Jerusalem. Here the ancient city of Betharba was captured after the Romans had besieged it for three years and a half. The Talmud states that the carnage that followed was so great that the blood of the Jews who were slain reached to the nostrils of the horses and flowed down to the sea. This was during the insurrection of Bar Cochba against the Romans. The entire Jewish population was destroyed. Bittir is now a Moslem town.

THE HOLY CITY

Next was the German colony, a suburb of Jerusalem, with its modern buildings and schools. The Germans also have magnificent

structures in Jerusalem. One of their churches was built by the Kaiser, costing $400,000. Our readers can imagine how we felt when our train actually halted at the station; we were in Jerusalem. Not the city as it was of old, nor that which is to be in the future, but the Jerusalem of today.

Two thousand years ago Christ wept over the city, saying, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord" (Matt. 23: 37-39). During all these centuries, the city has been in spiritual desolation, notwithstanding the many religions that are there represented. The streets are thronged with people from every nation and clime.

Some of the poorest have their bodies covered with pieces of skins hanging in shreds. Most of them walked without shoes in the snow and slush, with their limbs bare.

ENTRANCE TO THE NARROW DAVID STREET

On reaching the station at Jerusalem, we were approached by a man in European dress. He was not looking for us and we considered it a providential meeting. He was a Chaldean and had spent two years at school in the United States. We engaged his services as guide and interpreter while in the city. On the way from the station to the hotel, he took the latest number of the *Pillar of Fire* out of his pocket. It had evidently reached Jaffa on our ship and was taken to Jerusalem the evening before. We were gratified to know the *Pillar of Fire* had gone before us.

We stopped at a hotel just inside the Jaffa Gate. A better location could not have been found; the hotel is only a few steps from the tower of David, overlooking the main street of the city.

There is a Babel of languages in Jerusalem, although Arabic seems to prevail and is spoken mostly in the thoroughfares. The narrow streets are thronged with pedestrians, vehicles, and persons riding on donkeys and camels. "Oah, oah, oah,"—"Clear the way,"—is heard continually.

Soon after our arrival, unaccompanied, we took a three hours' drive about the city.

The next day our guide took us to some places of interest. The difficulty, we found, was in trying to crowd so much into a little time. Friday we drove to Bethlehem. It would be impossible for us to tell our thoughts on the way. We tried to picture out the road as it was two thousand years ago, when Jesus walked the dusty highways and wept over a lost world.

At Bethlehem the streets were so narrow we could scarcely drive through them. The beggars were continually asking for alms.

Here we saw the Church of the Nativity owned by three different religious sects,—Greeks, Latins and Armenians. This building with its ancient pillars is a most remarkable structure. The guide took us to the manger and showed us the place where tradition says the infant child, Jesus, was born.

In A. D. 330, a handsome basilica was erected here by order of the Emperor Constantine, and in the days of Justinian, A. D. 527-565, it underwent considerable restoration. There can be no mistake as to the antiquity of this building, which is an example of the earliest style of Christian architecture. To one born and reared in a new country, it is novel in-

RELIGIOUS GATHERING AT BETHLEHEM

deed to stand beside these pillars which have stood for so many centuries. It would take a whole chapter to give even a slight description of this church and its various apartments, many of which are underground.

Turkish armed soldiers were standing at their posts, and the priests in the different departments were heard chanting their prayers. We were shown the place where the wise men stood when they presented their frankincense and myrrh to their newborn King.

The Moslems seem to have no part in the ownership of this building. All eyes were upon us as we made our way through the narrow streets. It was raining slightly, and travel was congested several times. The drivers kept up a continual shouting at one another, "Oah, oah, oah." We were amazed that people were not injured in the street jams. We bought a few souvenirs and returned to Jerusalem in the wind and rain. The people said the latter rain was falling and were delighted with the prospect of good crops.

CHAPTER IX

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS AND SOLOMON'S STABLES

WE visited the tombs of the kings, which greatly interested us. Unlike the places associated with the life of Jesus, there are no structures built over these tombs. This is from the fact that the kings were heathen. The natural rocks out of which the tombs were hewn are exposed to view; they have been there in their present condition for many centuries. There are twenty-four steps, nine yards wide, leading down into the tombs. We took candles and went through the dark caverns where some of them are located. There are about sixty-four in all.

Great heaps of stones, which appear to be the ruins of buildings, are seen everywhere in Jerusalem. There are innumerable stone walls and fences. When the Jews get complete control, there will be plenty of stone to reconstruct the city.

TOMBS OF THE KINGS

The stables of Solomon, with their massive pillars, were visited. The vaults of these stables extend ninety-one yards from east to west, and sixty-nine from north to south. There are altogether thirteen vaults of unequal length and breadth. The Moslems claim the pillars are the identical ones placed there by Solomon; but whether this is true or not, they certainly are very ancient. It is claimed by some that Herod built the present stables over those of Solomon, which is more likely to be true. The wall is probably the one Solomon built.

In the Jewish quarters we walked through the narrow David Street, crowded with people, some of whom were riding donkeys. No vehicles were seen on this street. Scarcely can a camel make his way through without bumping the heads of the pedestrians. Having visited the Jewish quarters in New York City we immediately recognized people of the same class on this street. While the Jews dress much like the Moslems, their features are different and betray their lineage.

We saw no saloons or pork markets in Jerusalem, although in some places liquor and swine's flesh are sold to the Europeans. The

SOLOMON'S STABLES

sons of Islam neither eat pork nor drink alcoholic beverages.

From David Street we were taken to the largest Jewish synagogue in Jerusalem. It was beautifully constructed, and its interior artistically decorated. Two women who were scrubbing the floor were not pleased with our being admitted, but after giving them a silver coin, they gladly cleared the way. There are one hundred and sixty-seven Jewish synagogues in Jerusalem. Some of these are not large, but serve for a number of Jewish families to worship in. The sons of Jacob, here as everywhere else, are a distinct and separate people, with their own markets, schools and synagogues.

THE JEWS' WAILING PLACE

On Friday afternoon, in a shower of rain, we visited the wailing place of the Jews. We reached the place too late and found no one. Some of the stones in the wall have been kissed until worn smooth. This particular wall, surrounding part of the temple site, is 156 feet in length and 56 feet high. Men often sit here for hours reading their Hebrew Bibles. On Friday, toward evening, the following litany is chanted:

Leader: For the palace that lies desolate:—Response: We sit in solitude and mourn.

L. For the palace that is destroyed:—R. We sit, etc.

L. For the walls that are overthrown:—R. We sit, etc.

L. For our majesty that is departed:—R. We sit, etc.

L. For our great men who lie dead:—R. We sit, etc.

L. For the precious stones that are burned:—R. We sit, etc.

L. For the priests who have stumbled:—R. We sit, etc.

L. For our priests who have despised Him:—R. We sit, etc.

Another antiphon is as follows:

Leader: We pray thee, have mercy on Zion!—Response: Gather the children of Israel.

L. Haste, haste, Redeemer of Zion!—R. Speak to the heart of Jerusalem.

L. May beauty and majesty surround Zion!—R. Ah! Turn thyself mercifully to Jerusalem.

L. May the kingdom soon return to Zion!—R. Comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem.

L. May peace and joy abide at Zion!—R. And the Branch (of Jesse) spring up at Jerusalem.

How can any one be so unwise as to believe that God has not put it into the hearts of these Jews to pray and weep over the des-

WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS

olation of Zion. Their tears ought to be a rebuke to every person in Christendom who fails to pray for the restoration of Israel.

MOSQUE OF OMAR

Our guide took us to the temple site, where the Mosque of Omar is situated. The rock under the dome is said to be the very place where Abraham was about to offer up Isaac when the angel of the Lord stayed his hand. We have heard and read much about this famous mosque, but our interest was never truly awakened until we stood within its courts and under its lofty dome.

The rock before mentioned is 58 feet long and 44 feet wide, and is supposed to cover the mouth of an abyss with a subterranean torrent, the waters of which the Moslems claim may be heard roaring beneath. According to Jewish tradition, Melchizedeck also sacrificed here. We were shown traces of a channel in the side of the rock which is said to have been made for carrying away the blood. The Moslems think this stone hovers over the abyss without support. Tradition says the rock was desirous of accompanying Mohammed to heaven, and

that the angel Gabriel was obliged to hold it down, the marks of his finger prints in the stone being still visible.

The rock itself is securely enclosed by a strong railing on the inside of which no foot is allowed. It is considered a great condescension on the part of Mohammedans to allow any person whose faith is contrary to their own even to see it, therefore all who are admitted are protected by men who are commissioned by the different consuls in Jerusalem to guard the subjects from the countries which they represent. A person in native dress followed us whose services our guide had secured through the American Consul. He kept within a few feet of us, until we left the grounds.

The inside of the Mosque of Omar is considered so sacred that visitors must put on slippers provided for them before entering. This great building is lighted up only once a year, on a special festal day. Thousands of yards of floor are covered with rich Oriental rugs. We asked our guide what a certain rug was worth; he was not quite sure, but he thought $500 would be a reasonable price for it.

MOSQUE OF OMAR

There were many others just as valuable.

THE GOLDEN NAILS

Inside the north entrance there is a slab of jasper in which Mohammed is said to have driven nineteen golden nails. A nail falls out at the end of every epoch, and when all are gone the end of the world will come. One day the devil succeeded in destroying all but three and a half of these nails, but fortunately he was discovered and stopped by the angel Gabriel. There is no doubt in the minds of the Moslems that this tradition is true. The person who guards these nails told us that if we would put a half franc on the half nail we could get half way to heaven, and if we put a whole franc (twenty cents) on a whole nail we would go all the way. We told him of course we wanted to go all the way to heaven, and placed a whole franc on the head of one of the nails. Our guide remarked that he had gone to heaven in this way as many as fifty times. With us we were simply carrying out Paul's injunction, to render custom to whom custom is due.

While there is much uncertainty connected with the historical places in and about Jerusa-

lem. There can be no doubt that the Mosque of Omar is situated where the temple of Solomon once stood. But as yet there has been found no trace of anything that is positively known to be a part of the ancient temple. The portions of the temple over which there is controversy are accredited to both Solomon and Herod.

However, we were not greatly concerned about any of these things. It was enough for us to know that we were on the very spot where Jerusalem of old stood. It is extremely repulsive to one who has the Spirit of Christ to see the idolatry in the Holy Land. Revelation 21:8 says that all idolaters shall have their part in the lake of fire. We believe that God has kept the location of many of the historical places from being known to prevent their being worshiped. The Church of the Holy Sepulcher, about which the various sects gather and go through their forms of worship, is probably not the real burial place of Christ. The place called Calvary we have no idea is the Mount of the Crucifixion. The idolatry connected with these places shows the gullibility of human nature in matters pertaining to religion. Men will permit

MT. ZION

themselves to be deceived in religion when they would not in other things. They are satisfied with mere forms and ceremonies, and go on in their blindness, without God and without hope. Pilgrimages are made to the Holy Land by devout worshipers in order to visit the ancient places, as if this would merit divine favor.

We were reminded of the serpent of brass Moses made and lifted up on a pole. In the days of Hezekiah the brazen serpent had become an idol,—the people worshiped it instead of the Almighty. Hezekiah, with holy indignation, called it "Nehushtan," (a thing of brass) and ground it to powder. Today Romanism is the embodiment of superstition, with its worship of relics and images; and Protestantism is almost as bad. The devil is satisfied if one pins his faith to anything apart from Jesus.

Oh, that deluded souls everywhere might get their eyes open to what salvation really is, to what it means to be born of the Spirit, and to be sanctified, and kept from sin!

CHAPTER X

A STUDY OF THE PEOPLE

AFTER visiting Egypt and Palestine, we found that many of our preconceived ideas concerning the character and customs of the people were changed. In reading the history of the Moslems with their cruelty in war, their slavery of women, and their devotion to the Koran, we had about come to the conclusion that there was no good in them. But we are glad to say we did not find them utterly void of good principles.

On our arrival at Alexandria, we looked upon them with suspicion. Their dark skins, peculiar dress and piercing black eyes made us fear to trust them. They talked incessantly. To our surprise many of the tourists were as unconcerned in dealing with them as they would have been with people of their own nationality. Perhaps they had had some previous experience with them. We had the idea

NATIVES EATING DINNER

that the Moslems looked upon foreigners as intruders and that it was in their hearts to do them injury, even though they did not outwardly manifest it. This was a mistake, for they anxiously await the arrival of every vessel, glad to have the visitors come. Many of them speak English and French and often increase their business by corresponding with those whom they have met, and in this way form new acquaintances.

They recognize the nationality of people at sight, and are always careful to address them in a pleasing manner. It is remarkable how quickly they learn languages. It would put the average American to shame.

Preparation for the foreign missionary field requires the study of languages, but there are not many who will persevere on this line. They prefer waiting until they are placed in conditions where they are forced to learn. While they wait many of their opportunities for doing good are lost forever. The study of languages strengthens the memory. A deficient memory is greatly to be deplored. 1 Cor. 15: 1-2 says, "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the Gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have

received, and wherein ye stand; By which also ye are saved, IF YE KEEP IN MEMORY WHAT I PREACHED UNTO YOU, unless ye have believed in vain."

When people forget their past blessings and also to fortify themselves where they are weak, they degenerate rapidly, and are unable to overcome temptation. Therefore we are commanded to watch.

Israel celebrated their victories by putting up monuments of stone, or otherwise marking the places where new epochs began. They did this in order to impress upon their minds the things that should be remembered, which were necessary for their spiritual advancement and prosperity.

The Orientals have remarkable memories. They remember names, faces and incidents much more readily than do the Europeans. The simplicity of their lives accounts for much of this. The more civilized races have but little judgment as to what they should allow the mind to feed upon; they forget that it can be overtaxed, and have never learned the secret of closing its chambers, forbidding those things to enter that would unnecessarily burden it.

There is no time when the mind is given

THE PLAIN OF JERICHO AND DEAD SEA FROM OLIVET

to greater laxity than when one is continually meeting with new places and conditions. The eyes are often strained when on rapidly-moving trains or vessels by fixing them on objects that are receding from view. If this is kept up day after day there will often be severe headaches or a collapse of the nerves. The servant of the Lord should guard carefully his physical and mental powers.

To keep composed among the rabble of the Old World is trying on the strongest constitution, and some people who travel in search of health become physical wrecks because they do not know how to gird up the mind.

The child of God should remember that he is bought with a price, that he is not seeking to do his own will, but the will of the Father.

During our travels we often have to close our eyes to scenes before us and turn a deaf ear to the voices and sounds that would detract from the one great object in view, that is, to glorify God. It is necessary to do this in order to keep up divine communication and actually hear His voice amidst all the turmoil and confusion of one's surroundings.

The people of the Orient seemed to be

reaching out their hands, saying, "Can you help us?" Many times we were reminded of the experience Peter and John had with the cripple at the Beautiful Gate. When they were asked for alms, Peter replied, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee." He then commanded him in the name of Jesus to rise up and walk.

We had salvation,—just what these poor deluded sons of Ishmael needed, but the language barred us from helping them. They have been so long under religious tyranny it will take the mighty power of God to break down the barriers and get the Gospel to them. But all things are possible with Him. His heart is touched with pity for them as it was for Ishmael, when he was cast into the desert. There a bottle of water was provided for him, a type of the waters of salvation, which will flow out from Jerusalem to them in the good time coming.

GOOD-NATURED AND KINDLY DISPOSED

Many of these natives we found to be very kindly disposed. More than once we were touched with little deeds of kindness which they performed, while at other times we found

PORTER

some of them very unreliable, and up to all the "tricks of the trade." It was a frequent occurrence to see them trying to humiliate persons with whom they had had dealings by telling others in their presence that they had been cheated out of money that was promised them for services, and thus by embarrassment compelling the tourists to give them more than was due them, which most of them did to avoid the annoyance and humiliation. On one occasion one of these unscrupulous natives was paid eight francs for handling our baggage. He slipped three francs into his pocket and went around to other passengers on board, showing them the five francs, and telling them he had been treated very badly. This was his way of making a plea for more money, and trying to force us to give him more. He wore European dress, and was far above many others in appearance and manners. We found that we could not always judge them by their outward appearance.

HUMAN EXPRESS WAGON

These people of strange habits and customs carry great loads on their backs and heads. We have seen one man going through the

streets with as many as three medium-sized trunks on his back and some hand baggage besides. When carrying these loads they are bent almost double under the burden and are usually barefooted, with their toes spread out much like those of a camel. The great muscles of their bare limbs seem almost like bars of steel. We recognized our own trunk on the back of a person that presented this kind of appearance. He was wending his way through a narrow street of Jaffa where he scarcely had room to pass without bumping against others.

The company that we had engaged to deliver our baggage hired him for a few matlicks (pennies) to carry it to its destination. These natives carry thousands of bushels of oranges from the groves to the places of shipment. They are fortunate indeed to be able to own a camel or a donkey to carry their burdens.

A CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT

The great cry in Palestine, even by the Turks themselves, is for a change of government. They believe there is going to be a change of some kind soon and are waiting anxiously for it. We feel quite sure they will not be disappointed. As we looked upon them from

day to day in their misery, we could not help but exclaim, How can the conditions be otherwise when the land belongs to the sons of Jacob! We believe that measures will soon be taken that will compel Turkey to let go that which they have held so long from the rightful owners. They could be paid a reasonable price for the land, and England could have a protectorate over it until the Jews could assume their own responsibility. The British would have only to cross the Suez Canal to do this.

COMPULSORY MILITARY SERVICE

As it is now, the Turkish Government hinders Jewish immigration by forcing young men to enter the army, where they are compelled to serve with scarcely enough food at times to keep soul and body together. The Kosher food is denied the Jews and they are compelled to do violence to their consciences by subsisting upon the diet provided for them. The only way to escape the army servitude is by paying fifty pounds and serving three months, and this exemption holds good only in time of peace. But few of the Jewish families in Palestine are able to pay this sum. One

CAMELS LOADED WITH OLIVE WOOD

can see the burden of this expense where there are a number of sons in a family.

Many who entered Palestine after the removal of the former Sultan have been compelled to leave on this account. The Turkish Government in Palestine is like an old shoe ready to fall off, and every one wants to see it go. God is hearing the cry of the people and deliverance is nearer than many suppose.

The olive trees have been so heavily taxed the poorer classes have been compelled to cut them down and sell them for wood. $1.00 a tree is an enormous tax, yet this is the sum collected. The trees bare only every other year. The past few years, many who were too poor to pay the tax, disposed of their trees and went to the cities to beg for a living. It is in accordance with prophecy that the land should be trodden down until the times of the Gentiles should be fulfilled. Turkish rule has been best adapted for the desolation of the land, but now as the time for the Restoration draws near, their tyranny must come to an end. As we write these lines, we feel the inspiration of the Spirit. God and angels are interested in the patrimony of Jacob, and every Christian

should be interested in that which concerns the Almighty.

We trust that our readers will unite with us in prayer in behalf of Israel. Of course it is not expected that all of Israel will return, but a remnant shall be gathered back, through whom God will work to consummate the plan of redemption in bringing about the conversion of the world.

CHAPTER XI

JERUSALEM, CALVARY, VIA DOLOROSA

OUR readers will understand that there are two Calvaries. The one inside the city walls is in possession of the Greek Catholics, and is generally accepted as being the real Calvary.

Several English authorities, including the late General Gordon, have regarded the hill immediately above the grotto of Jeremiah, as the true Golgotha, and one of the rock tombs there as the sepulcher of Christ. This hill is skull-shaped, and is on the outside of the walls. In all probability this is the Calvary of the Bible, even though tradition locates it in the other place.

As to the very spot where Christ was crucified, this does not greatly concern the true believer. If those who are having so much controversy over the place would only repent

FIRST VIEW OF JERUSALEM

and have His blood applied to their hearts they would see the folly of worshiping the material things with which His name is associated.

We walked over a part of the Via Dolorosa,— the Street of Pain, or the Way of the Cross. It has fourteen stations, starting from the chapel in the Turkish barracks. The Cross is said to have been laid upon Christ below the steps ascending to the barracks. Next is a large and handsome building belonging to the Roman Catholics,—The Sisters of Zion. An arch crosses the street here called the Ecce Homo Arch, marking the place where the Roman Governor said, "Behold the man!" (John 19: 5). This arch, which has been shown for centuries, was probably built by the Romans for triumphal entries. The church of the Sisters of Zion is an important station, partly built into the rock.

The Sister who took us through its interior showed us the place under the arch where she and others spent hours each day in devotion. Stones had been taken from the pavement and used in the construction of the altar. Under the church is traced the Roman pave-

ment to the full breadth of the larger arch.

IDOLATRY

The thing that impressed us most was how people who claim to be Christians could worship these stones and think in so doing they would merit the favor of God. Christ said to the Samaritan woman at the well of Jacob, who was inclined to have a controversy with Him as to the place of true worship, "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship: for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth" (John 4: 21-24). God will save people anywhere when conditions are met, hence Jesus said, "It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come." Not every one could be with Jesus; there were only a few who could follow Him along the dusty highways or seek the place of His retirement where they might converse with Him. His mission was to all man-

AN ORIENTAL CARAVAN

kind, and the work of transforming the hearts of men could better be accomplished through the instrumentality of the Holy Spirit than by His own immediate presence. If it were otherwise, there might be some virtue attached to places. The Samaritan woman said to Him, "Our fathers worshiped in this mountain." She asked Him if He was greater than their father Jacob who drank water from the well on which He sat.

Those who have no vital Christian experience have no idea what it means to worship Christ in spirit and in truth. Therefore their affections are placed on material things. Naturally, man is a religious being, and the craving of his nature must be satisfied. If he does not obtain salvation, he will nevertheless worship something. In the baser forms of idolatrous worship he will bow down to wood and stone. True Christianity will lift people up above all these things. They will have the witness of the Spirit, banishing all of their superstition and doubt.

DEVOTED TO STONES

The Sister who kindly took us about the sacred structure showed that her devotion to

the stones was much greater than her love for Christ himself. She pointed to the stones where tradition says He carried His Cross and said in a subdued voice, "Oh so holy, so holy!" This is scarcely a step from heathen idolatry. Such persons have no idea what regeneration means. The vital principles of Christianity are lacking, and the plain teachings of God's word are of little consequence to them.

It is the custom in heathen lands for those who are given to idol worship to take long journeys to places where worship is believed to be more effectual. The Mohammedans do this, and pray with their faces toward Mecca. Every Islamite is supposed to start on a journey to Mecca at least once during his lifetime. There is a similar practice among the Russian Greek Catholics, who make long pilgrimages to Jerusalem on foot. They think if they should die on such a journey that their chances for heaven would be far more favorable.

The third station along the Via Dolorosa is marked by a broken column where Christ is said to have sunk under the weight of the Cross. Near to this place tradition locates the house of the poor man(Lazarus), beyond

VIA DOLOROSA—STREET OF PAIN

which, opposite a lane, is the fourth station, where Christ is said to have met His mother. At the next street coming from the right the Via Dolorosa turns to the west and joins Tarik-el-Alam, or route of suffering, properly so-called. Close by is the Roman house of Dives (the rich man), of which there is no mention before the fifteenth century. This house is built of various colored stones and has a small balcony. Here is the fifth station, where Simon of Cyrene took the Cross from Christ. A stone built into the next house to the left has a depression in it, said to have been caused by the hand of Christ.

After ascending the street about one hundred paces the sixth station is reached. To the left is the house and tomb of Saint Veronica, (a United Greek chapel). They tell us that Veronica wiped off the sweat from the Savior's brow, whereupon His visage remained imprinted on her handkerchief. The house is shown where they say Christ leaned before He fell the second time. The seventh station is where the street crosses the lane from the Damascus Gate, through which He left the city. A hole in a stone of the Greek

Monastery marks the eighth station. The Via Dolorosa ends here.

The ninth station is in front of the Coptic Monastery, where Christ sank under the weight of the Cross. The last five stations are in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. The tenth is by a ring of stone in the pavement of the Golgotha chapel where they say Christ was undressed. The eleventh, where He was nailed to the Cross, is in front of the altar. The twelfth, that of the raising of the Cross, is in the adjacent Greek chapel. The thirteenth, where He was taken from the Cross, is at an altar between the eleventh and the twelfth stations. And lastly, the fourteenth is by the Holy Sepulcher.

The various records of pilgrimages show that the traditional places have been frequently changed. Many visit them and much money is expended. Some good perhaps is being accomplished,—that of keeping in mind the fact that the Jews are God's chosen, earthly people, and that His promise to Abraham will yet be fulfilled in their home gathering. The money which the tourists put into circulation helps the poor in some measure. Apart from this there can be but little benefit

A GROUP OF BEGGARS

derived from their visiting Palestine. Most of them have no real interest in the restoration of the Jews, neither are they interested in the poor, half-clad, half-starved natives, who are helpless under the heel of oppression.

Millions of dollars have been spent in the erection of buildings, by the different sects. If this money could have been used to clothe and feed the poor in Jerusalem, it would have been put to much better use. What will these buildings amount to! It will be as it was in the days of old, there will not be left one stone upon another. They will suffer a like fate with the Mohammedan mosques and the temples of heathen worship. If the various denominations in the Holy Land had salvation, they would have the interest of the Jews at heart, and would be used of God to enlighten them in spiritual things. But their roots have withered in the ground and they have only a form left. Nothing short of vital Christianity will take hold of the heart,—but of this there is a great scarcity in Jerusalem.

PROGRESS DUE TO CHRISTIANITY

Protestant religion as it exists today is only a step in advance of Islamism, which con-

sists in the observance of five duties; (1) bearing witness that there is but one God; (2) reciting daily prayers; (3) giving the legal alms; (4) observing the Ramazan or month's fast; and (5) making the pilgrimage to Mecca once a lifetime. Any kind of worship that is void of spiritual life has a degenerating influence, bringing people into bondage, which in some instances is worse than slavery. All the progress that has been made in civilized lands is due to Christianity. It has resulted in the making of better laws; even though churches have apostatized, all has not been lost.

The world is ripening for the tribulation judgments; the old ecclesiasticisms will have to suffer the penalty of their sins. They are destined to become the storm center of God's wrath, when rulers and kings are being shaken from their thrones, preparatory to Christ's rulership of the world.

CHAPTER XII

JERUSALEM—IN A SNOW STORM

ON Saturday, accompanied by our dragoman and his assistant, our party started on horseback for the Mount of Olives. We went by the way of the valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat. Before reaching the top of the mount, we had to turn back on account of a blinding snowstorm. Most people have the idea that a snowstorm is unknown in Palestine, but this is a mistake. There was an unusual amount of snow in February, making the roads almost impassable.

From the Mount of Olives we expected to get a view of the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea.

As the storm grew worse the writer and our guide's assistant returned to the city, while the rest of the party went on. A little later they also ceased to battle against the wind, and returned. Our escort, a young Arab,

DAN, SOURCE OF THE JORDAN

could speak only a few words of English. He was very kind, and did all he could to make us as comfortable as possible. He rode a mule, keeping a few feet behind us, continually calling out to our horse. The animal seemed to understand him and would turn to the right or to the left as directed. Sometimes the people along the road would shout at him. He would smile at them and answer back. We imagined they were asking him to treat them after he had received his pay.

Before reaching the city gate, it became necessary for us to dismount and have the saddle adjusted. It would have been interesting to some of our friends to have seen the dilemma we were in. Our escort wore no gloves and his fingers were stiff with cold. While trying to tighten the girth, the horse and mule began to fight, and the horse broke away. The writer had gone on ahead to find a place to remount, and caught him as he came up the hill.

The young Arab tied his mule to a stone fence and with his cold fingers tried again to tighten the saddle girth. During this time we took hold of the saddle to see if it were sufficiently tight. It somewhat amused us

when he said, "Stop, Madame! Stop, Madame!" He was only a servant, but he spoke with authority, a trait characteristic of the Moslems, especially when they are speaking to a woman.

After reaching the city wall, the storm somewhat subsided. The ride from there to the hotel was very interesting. To have such a privilege was rare indeed. Many of the houses were so low it seemed we were looking down on their roofs. There were only a few persons in the streets, the multitude had found shelter somewhere. By the time we had reached the hotel, a number of men and children were following us, asking for gifts.

POVERTY AND SUFFERING

After being once more seated by a fire, thinking of our adventure in the storm, the good nature of our escort, and the scenes of poverty in Jerusalem, we could not keep back the tears. Thousands of people with no fuel, and many with but little food or shelter! We could not help drawing the contrast between them and the people of our own country, where there is so much ground and an abundance of everything. They waste what

the population in Palestine could live on.

Wood is so expensive in Jerusalem it can scarcely be had at any price. An armful of olive wood, enough to make a fire in a small stove, costs an English shilling or twenty-five

MOSLEM SMOKING

cents. We noticed some people were using oil stoves. Fires made of olive wood are more expensive than oil and burn out quickly.

Fancy souvenirs, highly polished, are made of the olive wood. Many of these souvenirs are hand made, but sell for a mere trifle.

The Moslems are great smokers and gossipers. In the cities they have many haunts,

and while they do not drink intoxicating liquors, they may be seen sipping their coffee, smoking their pipes and having a good time generally. Women are not seen at such places.

The Jews spend their time at their places of business or with their families. They have strong home ties.

God is especially interested in Israel, but He is also interested in the descendants of Ishmael. When the bondwoman and her son were cast out, He provided bread and water for them in the desert, and the waters of salvation will yet flow out from Jerusalem to slake the thirst of these sons of the desert.

Sunday the 19th, the sky was clear, but the melting snow and slush of the streets made them almost impassable. Wishing to attend services somewhere, we started out, and succeeded, after some difficulty in reaching the American Missionary Church. We found some persons in attendance who were on the ship with us in the storm.

In the afternoon we felt clear that our mission for the time in Jerusalem was accomplished, and we left the next morning.

After the confusion connected with the registering of the baggage at the station, and finding seats in the train,we were soon winding around the mountain side, and viewing more carefully the terraced hills than we did before. Again we were impressed with the lack of economy in America where thousands of acres of land are uncultivated that would be eagerly sought after and tilled in European and Oriental countries.

All the way to the plain of Sharon our mind went back to the scenes we had left. Everywhere the clamor for existence by the poor had greeted us. We thought of the statement of a person of great benevolence, who traveled in Italy some years ago. From day to day he looked into the faces of those who were deprived of the necessaries of life, and after he had reached the place where he could no longer forbear, he cried, "Why does not the heart of God break? Why does not the heart of God break?" Instantly he saw the crucified Redeemer as He hung on the Cross pouring out His blood for a lost world, and with a new revelation of His love for humanity, he cried, "The heart of God did break!"

When the soldiers pierced the side of Jesus,

THE DEAD SEA

out of the wound flowed blood and water. This, it is said, was the result of a broken heart. How little we can do at best to alleviate suffering! and should we fall short of this there will be much to account for.

INCIDENTS AT A RAILWAY STATION

We stopped at a station, which may have been Ramleh, and were there confronted with a class of people in the condition we have just described. There were young, old and middle-aged all waiting for the train in hopes of getting coins from the passengers. A boy about ten years old had picked a bouquet of wild flowers, and carried them until they were wilted. He handed them to us and asked for bakshish. When those who stood by saw that we gave him a few matlicks (pennies) they were greatly excited, and so great was the clamor at our car window that all eyes were turned in that direction. There were about a dozen who kept up their demonstrations in their plea for money. About half of them were children, the rest were adults, but all were equally persistent. We had about forty matlicks, which we carefully gave out to the younger ones, but our difficulty was in getting

them to the right ones. The stronger boys pushed the smaller ones away, and good-naturedly took hold of our fingers and tried to take the coins by force. Some of the adults came to our assistance and waited for directions as to who should be the next to have a coin placed on his palm; others were ready to keep the older boys from crowding him away. We noticed one little half-blind boy, smaller than all the rest, crying because he thought there was no show whatever for him. We asked for him to be brought, and to his and the astonishment of all we gave him a silver coin. There was great interest then. The grown up persons were becoming more excited. Another silver coin was handed to a boy who seemed to have become discouraged at the very beginning, but a shout went up from all when they saw what he had received. The bell was ringing to start, and the poorly clad, half-blind man who had held the boys up to receive the money stood silent, and with a pitiful look and upturned palm waited for a gift. We gave him our last silver coin, amid the uproarious demonstrations of all.

The Lord blest us in making these small

ASKING FOR ALMS

gifts, and we felt that if we had ten thousand pounds we should like to go through the country and give it to the poor.

Jesus said to the disciples, "Ye have the poor with you always," and also, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The wealthy tourists gave out their money, but we noticed it was only to those who did them favors. "Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. * * * And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same" (Luke 6: 30-33).

CHAPTER XIII

JERUSALEM AND HOMEWARD

WHEN we reached Jaffa, we wanted to go immediately to the "Kossier," a small Khedevial-British mail steamer lying out in the harbor, on which we were to sail, but as we had already paid for our transfer to this boat, before leaving Jerusalem, the company was in no hurry to take us out. They wanted to take those first whose patronage was doubtful. This gave us a few more hours at Jaffa.

We walked down the street, and had to elbow our way through. All eyes were upon us. The shopkeepers came out to sell their goods, even following us.

We passed an Arab carrying a small wagon load of goods on his back, and a camel near by, with a load heavy enough to almost crush him.

As we looked upon the heavily laden man

JAFFA FROM THE BEACH

and beast, we could not help but feel we had a fair picture before us of the cruel, Turkish Power with its oppression of the people. One of the results coming from such oppression is cruelty to animals. More than once we had to plead with our drivers to desist from using the whip so freely. They would check up for a time, but there was such rivalry for speed between them and other coachmen, they would soon resort to the lash again. Frequently our drives were spoiled by the cruelty shown to these victims of the lash. We had often heard it said that Arabs were kind to their horses, but we failed to see this either in Egypt or Palestine. We wished many times that the humane laws of our own country could be enforced there.

MOSLEM CHILDREN

We saw but few children in the Orient. They are not turned out into the streets as they are in Europe and America. Girls are often given in marriage when eleven and twelve years old, and even younger, and from thenceforth go with veiled faces in company with older married women.

Mothers with great, loaded market baskets

on their heads were often seen carrying children that were old and strong enough to walk.

At three o'clock, we went down to the shore to board the ship. The waves were high. There were six passengers in the small boat and twelve natives to handle the oars. When nearing a large wave, one would give the warning by uttering a few words, others would repeat them after him, and at the same time give all their strength to the oars.

The rocks were soon passed, and we found ourselves on the deck of the ship, scarcely able to make our way to our cabins on account of so many boxes of oranges. After the hold had been stored to its utmost capacity, the decks were covered with them. We bought a large basket for two francs.

Some persons filled their hand baggage with these Jaffa oranges, and found on reaching France they had to pay duty on them.

EGYPTIAN BAZAARS

Many Americans spend small fortunes for souvenirs. In Egypt fabulous sums are paid for rich, Oriental tapestries, laces and handsomely decorated wares. The bazaars of Cairo in their display of costly wares can-

GOING TO MARKET

not be described. Their salesmen are trained to perfection. At the sight of a stranger they begin to exhibit their goods, each trying to out-do the other. In a subdued voice, they will say over and over again, "We do not ask you to buy, just to look. Walk around take your time, and see what we have." They are careful to conceal prices until they have awakened a keen interest in the prospective purchaser.

We succeeded in getting through a narrow street of one of the most famous bazaars of Cairo. It was a veritable Vanity Fair, with dazzling fabrics and flashing gems. After having seen the place once we sought no opportunity to see it again. We thought of Bunyan's Pilgrim, who placed his fingers in his ears, and ran from the city of destruction, crying, "Life, life! Eternal life!"

PORT SAID AND THE SUEZ CANAL

We reached Port Said about nine o'clock the next morning. Here our ship lay in the harbor nearly all day, giving us an opportunity to see the Suez Canal. An experienced Arab and his son took us to the mouth of the canal in a small boat. The sun was hot, but we en-

joyed the trip, which was made more interesting from the fact that our guide could speak English well. He had been acting as interpreter at this port for many years, and had testimonials from noted Americans and Europeans. He seemed especially conversant with facts concerning the Suez and Panama Canals, and gave us some valuable information.

We asked him how he had learned to speak English so well. His reply was, "I have never been to an English school. It has been a matter of compulsion with me; I have had to learn not only English, but French, German and other languages in order to make a living for my family. I catch every word from foreigners and find out the meaning. I am teaching my boy to do the same thing. It is not difficult to make money when we understand the languages of those who visit our shores."

The shopkeepers seem to think an injustice has been done them if visitors leave without making purchases. At Port Said, a shopkeeper was greatly pleased when one of our party purchased a fez, the popular headdress of all classes. He placed the fez on the head of the purchaser, and smiled approvingly, as much as to say, "You never looked

GROUP OF MOSLEMS, SHOWING FEZ AND TURBAN

better in your life." The fez is often used as a crown for the turban.

ALEXANDRIA

Wednesday morning, February 22d, we reached Alexandria. The German ship on which we expected to sail for Naples was full, and our only alternative was to stay in Alexandria three days, and take a French steamer to Marseilles. It did not greatly surprise us that the Lord saw fit to change our course and take us to America by way of London, as there were some important matters in connection with the work there that needed our attention.

On reaching Alexandria, it seemed quite different from our landing at that place a few weeks before. We had become so well acquainted with the people, that by this time we felt very much at home.

There was a temporary fence on the dock around the entrance to the ship, at the gate of which two policemen stood, to prevent hotel runners and others from going on board the ship until official orders were given. They crowded one another and refused to obey until the officers had to take their sticks and beat

them back. They took the blows for a time as unconcerned as if they had no feeling.

When permission was given them to go through the gate, they seemed to forget their struggles in their eagerness for passengers and their baggage.

We found apartments at the Suez Canal Hotel, an imposing modern structure, magnificently furnished. We had rooms overlooking the sea, for three and one half francs a day (70 cents). We were able to secure these rates, from the fact that there were only a few guests in the hotel at this time, and thus the Lord continually opened the way before us, showing us special favors even in the smallest details of the trip.

We spent three days in Alexandria, which is almost a modern city. As a rule tourists are so anxious to get to Cairo they do not tarry here long. If they reach Alexandria in the forenoon they leave for Cairo before night.

EGYPT AND ITS HISTORY

We never spent more profitable hours than at Alexandria. It seemed the heavenly hosts were encamped around us. We rode down

STONE TEMPLE, SPHINX AND PYRAMIDS

the famous Mahmudiyeh Canal, which connects with the Nile. There were a few white clouds in the sky, the flowers were in bloom, and the birds were singing. Along the banks of this canal and on boats we saw bricks that had been made by the natives. This brought the whole history of Israel and their brickmaking in Egypt vividly to mind, and although nearly four thousand years have passed, we felt as if it had been but yesterday since Moses led the host to the Red Sea.

For centuries Egypt was a great oppressor, but God broke her arm of power and brought her kings down into the dust. Egypt is a type of the world power, which exalts itself against God, and refuses to take His counsel, and is the most striking type of the old nature found in the Bible.

CHAPTER XIV

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO LONDON

ON the 24th of February, we left Alexandria on board the "Sydney," for Marseilles, France. During the voyage we had a good opportunity to study the characters of some of the followers of Mohammed. There were also a number of French Catholic priests on board.

Four Mohammedans sat near us at the table. They wore their turbans when they ate; two of them were dressed in flowing robes, while the other two sometimes appeared in European dress. The one they looked upon as their chief was a superintendent of schools in Egypt. He was taking the others, three young men, to France to put them in school, on funds that he had solicited. They were preparing for the Islam priesthood, or muezzins, as they are called.

They pinned their napkins around their

necks; often they were at a loss as to how to use their knives and forks, usually they laid them aside and ate with their fingers. Their bill of fare at the table was much like that of our own people. We noticed they lived mostly on vegetables, the tender Egyptian radish being a favorite with them. There were several kinds of wine on the table, but no true Moslem ever puts the wine cup to his lips. Neither does he defile himself with swine's flesh.

The chief of this Islam party was the only person we found on board the first few days of the voyage that could speak English intelligently. He seemed to take pleasure on several occasions in acting as our interpreter. He talked freely about the European and American schools, and told us if we ever wanted some one to teach Arabic in our School, to let him know and he would send us a good teacher.

At Alexandria about 200 of their friends gathered at the dock to bid them farewell. Most of them were young men from the schools of Cairo and Alexandria. They made speeches and bade their friends good-bye, in their characteristic way. The Moslems never shake

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO

hands or remove their turbans as an act of courtesy or salutation. The color of their head-dress designates their religious caste and it would be entirely out of place to remove it. It is not an uncommon thing to see the men embrace and kiss one another in public places. We never saw more affectionate good-byes on American or European shores, in fact they went so far as to secure boats and follow the ship out to where the pilot was transferred to another vessel. They kept up their demonstration until we lost sight of them.

Our Islam friends on board observed their religious rites as faithfully as though they were worshiping in a mosque. Before the ship was fairly out at sea, they selected a place on deck to pray. Once or twice a day they could be seen prostrating themselves with faces toward Mecca. One of the four was somewhat timid when strangers were looking on, but the other three seemed to be oblivious to all about them. The three young men were studying English and French under their chief; they were very diligent and could be seen with their books at all times of the day.

We were anxious to see whether they would lay aside their flowing robes and put

on European dress when they reached France, but they did not do so.

There were a number of priests on board who had spent years in Palestine; they were simple in their manners, and apparently honest and very devout. They drank wine freely at every meal, then they would rise from the table and cross themselves and go over some kind of lingo in a foreign tongue. They ate pork and other kinds of meat every day except Friday, when they confined themselves to a fruit and vegetable diet.

Our party sat near the center of the table, we had the Cross on one side and the Crescent on the other. These devoted worshipers were utterly ignorant of salvation. How thankful we were that God had not permitted us to become engulfed in superstition and idolatry.

The darkness and ignorance of the people in these two great religions is appalling, and their fortresses seem to be impregnable. No power of persuasion will have any effect upon the blind followers of Mohammed and those who claim the infallibility of the pope. It will take the judgments of God to bring them down into the dust of humiliation.

On reaching Marseilles, our ship was

placed in quarantine and we were transferred to a small boat and taken ashore. We found one person that could speak a few words of English whose services we secured to help us get our baggage through the Custom House and to the train.

We had a beautiful afternoon on the way to Paris. The atmosphere was clear and the sun bright. We viewed the historical lands of old France with much interest, but when the shades of evening began to fall, we dreaded the night, knowing we had to sit up in a crowded coach.

The French have but little appreciation for fresh air. They will ride for hours with every window closed. The air is often so foul passengers fall into a stupor, and remain in this condition until they reach their destination. This is done by all classes. The more energetic Americans and English will move about and battle with the foul air fiend, even though their French neighbors do make a protest.

A part of one night was spent walking up and down the narrow passage-way of one of these French cars. We found a window that we could let down from the top and get a draught of fresh air, but no sooner was our

back turned than some one would close the window. We tried to make the guard understand that the air was bad, but he made no effort to give relief.

In Paris we found a person who could speak English who was ready to render us service. In learning a bit of his history, we found that for seventeen years he was associated with ex-Senator —— of Montana. He related several interesting events in connection with the Senator's early life. He gave us the name of his own son in a New Jersey city and begged us to call on him and make his acquaintance. When he found that Mrs. Wolfram was formerly from Montana, he was more interested than ever, and seemed anxious to do all he could for our comfort.

The scenery between Paris and Dieppe on the channel far surpassed our imagination. We were fairly dazed with its beauty. The French are said to be the most economical people in the world. The beauty and simplicity of their lawns, fields and orchards convince us that this is true. Every foot of ground is cultivated to the best advantage. Great care is taken of the shrubbery and trees.

On reaching the English Channel, we

SAIL BOATS ON THE CANAL

found a small boat of a hundred tons awaiting us. A brisk wind was blowing, the atmosphere was clear, but the sea was rough. We never saw a company of people go on board a vessel in greater silence. We wondered what this meant, but were not long in finding out. The most of them who had observed the condition of the sea and taken the small boat into consideration, knew they were going much like sheep to the slaughter. Many of them would not have had the courage to undertake the voyage, if they had not known it would last only a few hours.

When we reached the ladies' apartment we found all the passengers had taken a reclining position. The nurses had instructed them not to attempt to sit up. Beside each person a large bowl was placed, to receive the contents of the stomach. The sight of the bowls gave us some grave apprehensions, and we began to brace up for the conflict. We had trusted the Lord many times before and been kept from being greatly disturbed when others were suffering from sea-sickness, and believed He was able to keep us now. Once or twice we felt a peculiar sensation creep over us, and thought we would have to yield to the man-

dates of the sea god and make a sacrifice of what we had eaten, but a little courage and faith on our part won the victory. We never saw people suffer more than on this voyage. Some of them fairly counted the minutes. But it was all over when the ship reached land.

A person asked a nurse if there was not a remedy for sea-sickness. Her reply was, "Yes,—land." The nurses were all sick. One whom we noticed was pale as death. She tried to be courageous and keep up, but failed.

The question in our mind was why a boat of this size should be taken out on a rough sea.

We reached Victoria Station, London, about 7 p. m. When we arrived at 12, Gloucester road,—our Missionary Home,—we found the saints all well and shouting the victory.

CHAPTER XV

CHARACTER SKETCHES

ON our trip to the Orient we met some persons who made quite an impression upon us, while of others we have only a slight remembrance, and many, of course, have been forgotten entirely.

On the voyage from Marseilles to Alexandria, a young woman sat out on the deck of the ship for hours each day watching the seagulls. She would smile and talk to them as though they were her particular friends. Often she would reach out both hands and then clasp them to her breast. For a time we were afraid to approach her, but later did so. We asked her why she watched the birds with such interest? She said, "Oh, I am thinking of the time when I shall have wings too, and shall be beautiful and white as they are."

Then she said, "Madame, please tell me what I can do to be better, so that some day I can be as happy as these birds? I am not bad," she continued, "but I often do things

that I am sorry for afterwards. I have a quick temper, and sometimes offend my friends. Will God forgive all of this, and some day shall I have wings and fly as the birds do? Oh, could I know that I shall be happy after this life is over, what a satisfaction it would be! Indeed, I should like to have wings and fly away just now."

With her eyes still fixed on the birds, she said, "Please, Madame, tell me who you are? Are you not some good lady that can tell me how to be happy? I believe you know. Must I be miserable forever because I have not always done right?"

Then she would hold out her hands again to the birds and talk to them. She would say, "Oh come to me, dear birds. Oh, you dear, beautiful birds!"

We succeeded in getting her attention from the birds for a short time. She told us she was the daughter of a Spanish Christian Jew, and that she was on her way to the Holy Land where her father and mother were engaged in Christian work among the Jewish people. She had a trained voice and had been teaching music and modern languages in a school in France. She spoke English, French and Ger-

AN EGYPTIAN COW

man as fluently as if they were her native tongue.

While in her cabin she sang almost continuously, and at the table she would talk to her neighbors in English and French. Sometimes she would get offended and rebuke people for their lack of courtesy and good manners. A number of times she left the dining room before she had finished her meal. After such experiences she would go out on deck and talk to the birds.

She wanted a book to read; we gave her Looking Back from Beulah. In her quiet moments she was completely absorbed in it. When a person borrowed it and kept it longer than he should, she went to different ones and remarked about his unkindness in keeping it so long. She deplored the fact that it was not written in her native tongue so that her friends in Jerusalem might read it. She said over and over again, "I will tell them what is in it." When we bade her good-bye at Alexandria, she expressed the desire to meet us in Jerusalem and have us make the acquaintance of her parents, but we saw her no more.

She had crowded her mind at the expense

GROVE OF PALMS, EGYPT

of her physical being, and this is the mistake that many are making today. They get into the wheels of the educational machine and are crushed. They forget that they are mere human beings, and frail ones at that; they fail to put a proper estimate upon their strength and imagine that what others have accomplished they may do. It is the most difficult thing in the world to find people who are well-balanced, and the modern schools are much to blame for this. If teachers see that certain students have special ability on any particular line they often push them beyond their strength. In the meantime they make them believe they are going to have a remarkable career in life, which causes them to be inflated with pride and to have an undue amount of self-esteem.

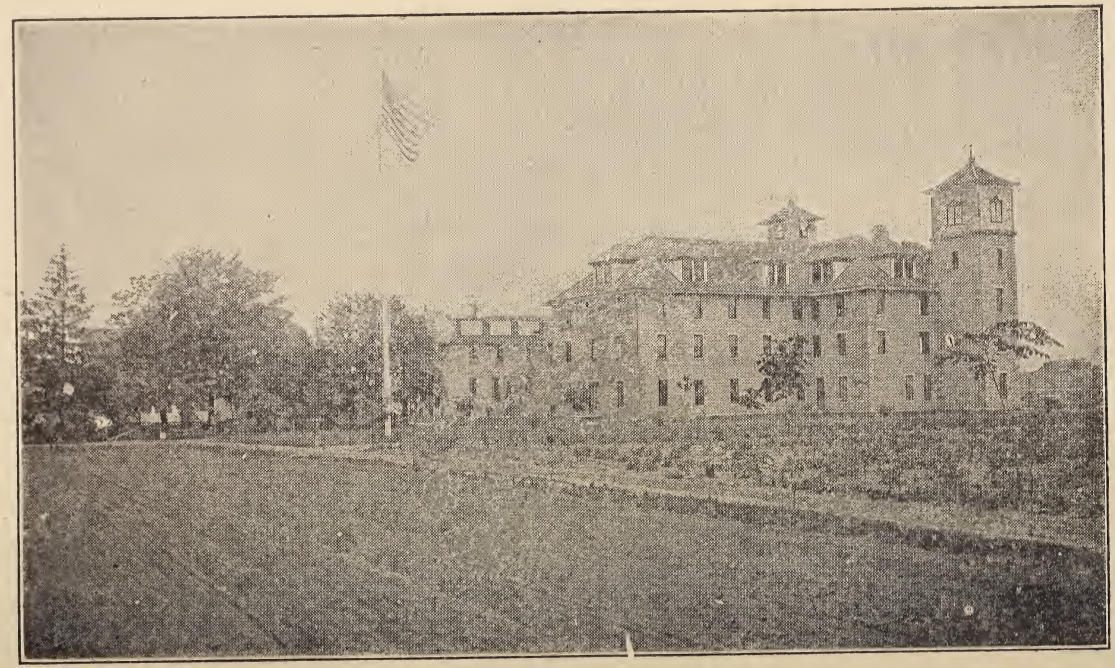
When the nervous system collapses it is like tearing down the framework of a house. There may be beautiful pieces of architecture that formed a part of the structure, but after the house falls there is nothing left but a mass of rubbish, and thenceforth it is worthless.

Another passenger on the "Congo" was a tall, dark-skinned Egyptian, who was kindly disposed, and ready to help anyone when his services were acceptable. He noticed our

niece and nephew, Mr. and Mrs. Wolfram, engaged in the study of French and offered to help them. Day after day he met them on the deck of the ship and heard their lessons. He took as much interest in teaching them as if he were being well paid for it. He never missed being on hand at the hour appointed and gave them full time. At the end of the journey they offered to pay him, but he declined to take anything. He was a true follower of Mohammed, and while he had been studying for a number of years in France he was loyal to the Islam faith and to his people. No sooner had he reached the docks at Alexandria, than he laid aside his Derby hat and donned the fez.

He was returning to Egypt to visit the tomb of his father, who had died a short time before. It was sad to hear him lament his not having been able to reach his father's bedside before his death. He spoke of him with great tenderness, and was trying to get comfort by writing a poem in which he gave expression to his sadness of heart.

We asked what he expected to do after visiting his friends and the tomb of his father; his answer was, "I shall teach French in the Egyptian schools."



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